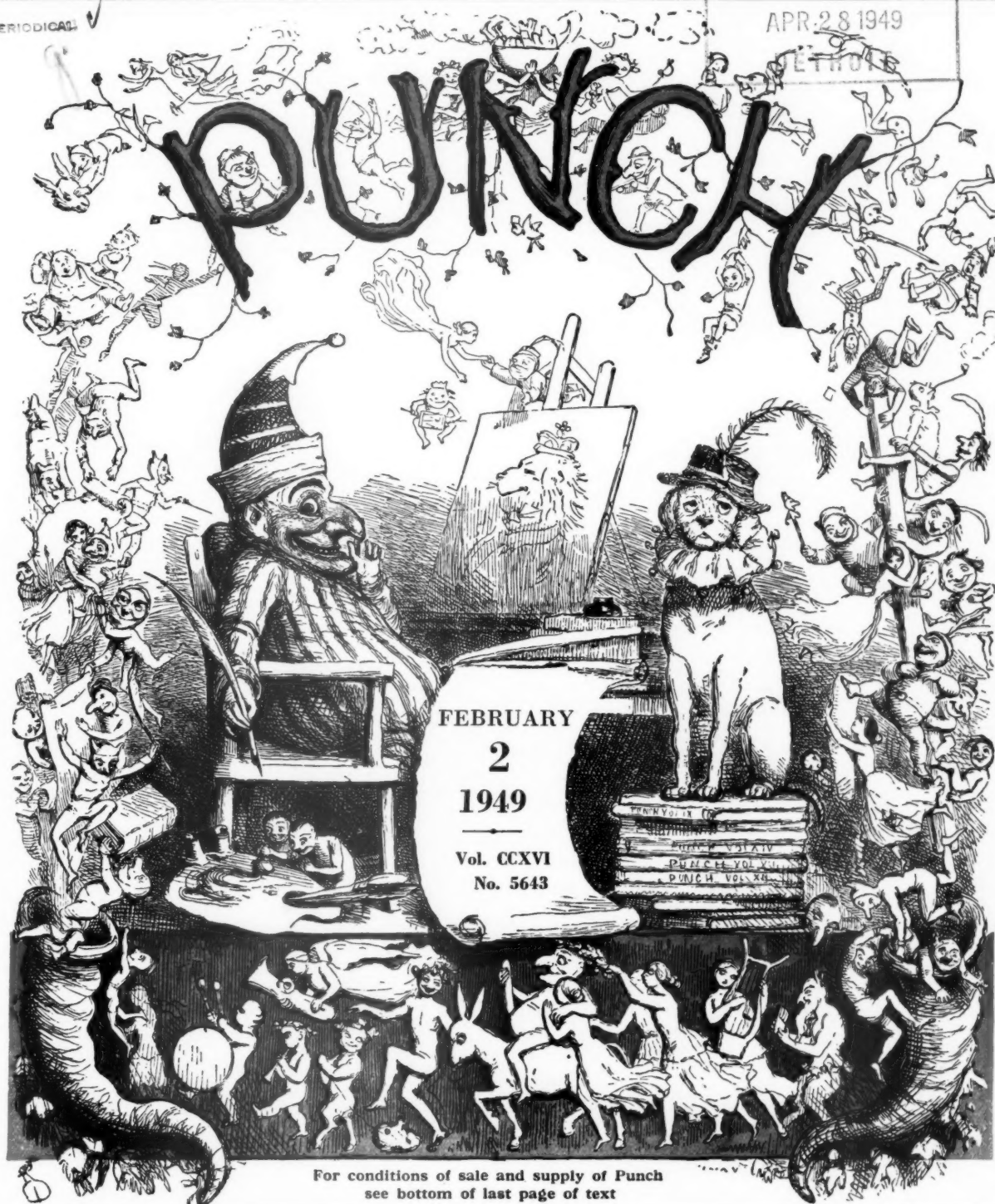


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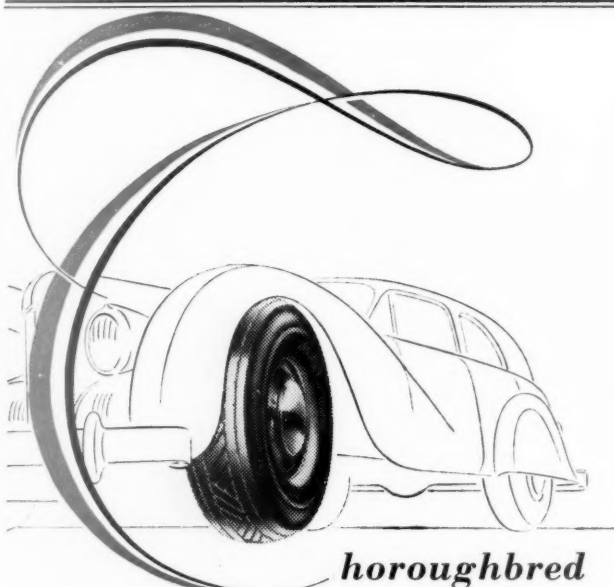
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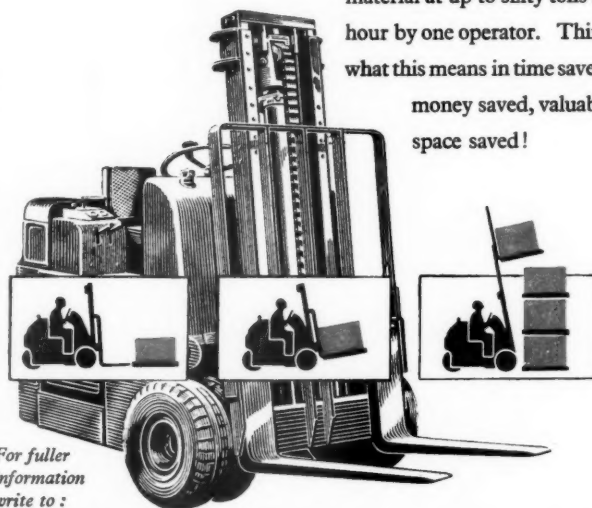
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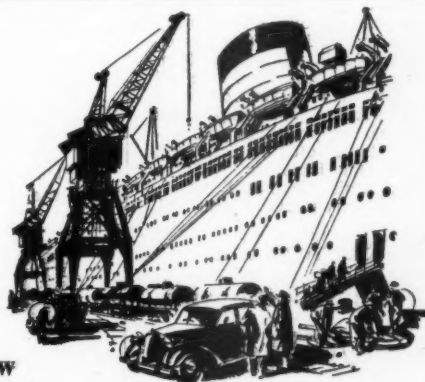
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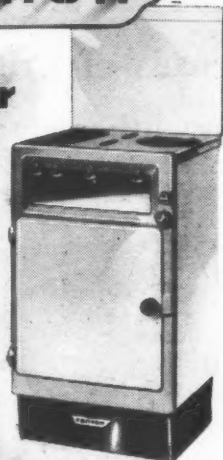


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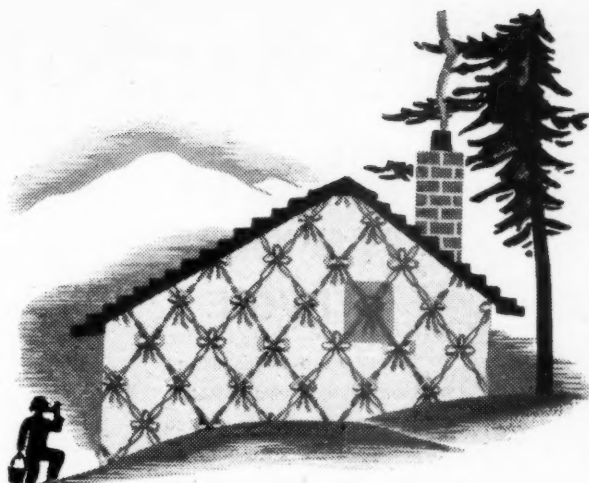
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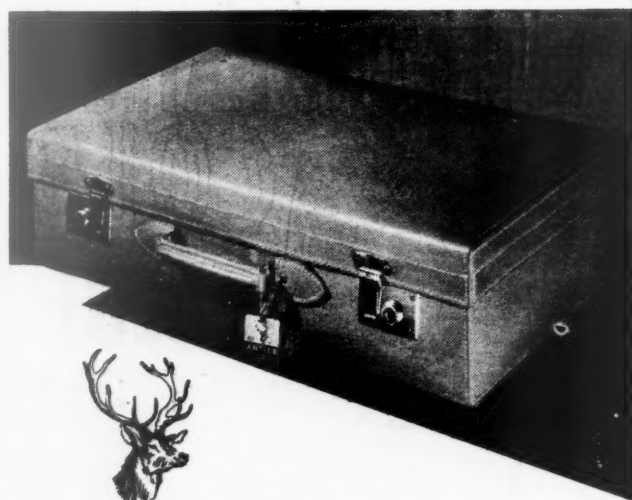
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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXVI No. 5643

February 2 1949

Charivaria

A RECENT statement on the incomes of dentists under the Health Scheme indicates that some of them are making mountains out of molars.

"One can feel lonely even in the middle of Piccadilly Circus," says a writer. We should like the views of Eros about this.



"9.15.—'Authority and the Individual,' by Bert and Russell." Wireless Programme in Sunday paper.

Gert and Daisy next week?

A naturalist declares that some people who call themselves bird-lovers cannot even tell the difference between partridges and corn-crakes. Perhaps they have never tasted cornerake.

"It seems to me that Dick Barton continually breaks the speed limit and gets away with it," says a correspondent. P.C. 49 can't be everywhere at once.

"THREE MAJOR PROBLEMS FACE WOOL INDUSTRY
—New Wool Federation President
Production 27% Below Consumption"

And the third?

Headline in I.W.S. News Service.

From many parts of the country come reports that robins and sparrows are already busy building their nests. This, we understand, is the result of an intensive "Lay-early-to-avoid-the-cuckoo" campaign.

"Although I think life was twice as good in my young days," says an octogenarian, "I'm happy enough." He still enjoys every other minute of it.

According to a gossip writer a new craze is to eat meals backwards—from sweet to soup. One ends, in the normal way, with an appetite.

Viewers are said to be expressing surprise that the recent resignations were not televised.



It is feared that foreign tourists will not visit London if the night-clubs are closed early as planned. The Board of Trade is expected to point out that as a counter-attraction pyjamas can now be purchased with pockets.

"Keep your eyes on the rates," advises a political writer in an evening paper. What does he think we are—giraffes?

Happily Put.

"On more than one occasion, said the Judge, when they had a surplus of milk they had received diversion instructions. 'I am treating you leniently in imposing a fine which, collectively, only amounts to a little more than the minimum fine, because the maximum fine for the combined offences is gastronomical,' added his Lordship."—Yorkshire paper.

"I took a taxi to Kew Gardens and found there were faint indications of spring," says a gossip columnist. Many taxis haven't even got that.



The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes

FEW children of the pen have struggled to so much fame and fortune through so much adversity as the Great Detective of Baker Street. Publishers are notoriously obtuse about infant prodigies; but the hatred of a parent is more serious and Conan Doyle had a strong tendency to filicide. He nearly strangled the boy at birth with the dreadful name of "Sherrinford," but some good fairy intervened.

Sir Arthur could have been almost anything and was most things. Statesman, orator, athlete, adventurer, explorer, champion of the oppressed, he might even have been a great physician if he had tried. His real ambition was to be an historical novelist of the same calibre as Sir Walter Scott, and he laboured long and not unsuccessfully to achieve this end. His latest biographer, Mr. John Dickson Carr,* admires *The White Company* more than I do, for I have a feeling that in many ways Sir Arthur had a literal rather than a literary mind.

It is at least interesting that he quarrelled with his Catholic relations, including Dickie Doyle (who drew our cover), largely because religion could provide him with no proof of an after life: and only when, after long study, he fancied that he had found this proof elsewhere, did he become a devout convert to Spiritualism.

However that may be, it was some time before he obtained proofs of *Sherlock Holmes*. *A Study in Scarlet* was written in 1886. It was sent to James Payn, the editor of *The Cornhill*, who decided that it was too long for a single issue, and too short for serial publication. It then went to Arrowsmith and was returned unread. It proceeded to Frederick Warne and Company and was rejected again.

The little foundling was next laid on the doorstep of Ward Lock, who took it in. They could not publish it at once "because the market was flooded with cheap fiction," but they offered to hold it over for another year and pay £25 for the entire copyright. The author suggested a royalty basis, but this was refused. It first appeared therefore in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887. It was not reviewed.

The American editor of *Lippincott's* magazine (published in this country by Ward Lock) seemed to see greater promise in the ailing child. He asked for another story, and received *The Sign of the Four*. This was published in book form by Spencer Blackett in 1890, and had no success.

In the same year Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle left Portsmouth for London. This date is important, because on December 13th the members of the Portsmouth Literary and Scientific Society, and a few other friends, assembled to do honour to the struggling author at a farewell dinner which was given at the Grosvenor Hotel, Southsea. It should have a plaque on it if it still stands. The President (Dr. J. Watson) occupied the chair. Dr. Watson's Christian name was James, and the recollection of this fact caused a slight confusion which has been subsequently noted in the *Saga of Holmes*.

The guest of honour at the time of his departure for London, besides being a popular medical practitioner, was captain of the Portsmouth Cricket Club, vice-president of the Liberal Unionists and secretary of the Literary and Scientific Society. A man, you would have said, of boundless activity. Your epithet would have been very ill-chosen. He was also "one of the safest Association backs in Hampshire."

* *The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*, by John Dickson Carr (John Murray, 18/-). Published this week.

From the publication of *A Study in Scarlet*, Micah Clarke, *The Sign of the Four* and *The White Company*, he had managed to save a few hundred pounds. The first story sent to *The Strand Magazine* about Sherlock Holmes was *A Scandal in Bohemia*. It was one of six, published in 1891, ending with *The Man with the Twisted Lip*. They cost *The Strand* on an average £35 each. They were popular. "Even aside from old gentlemen, the very lady readers were singing an hymn of Sherlock Holmes." One is compelled to visualize a choir of angelic creatures in small straw hats, long skirts and leg-of-mutton sleeves. *The Strand* implored the author to continue. He chafed at the task. "Could he ask *The Strand* a price so high, in fact so formidably steep, that the matter would be settled one way or another?" The first attempt to assassinate the detective utterly failed.

"I will write by this post," declares the Doctor in a letter, "to say that if they offer me £50 each *irrespective of length* I may be induced to consider my refusal. Seems rather high-handed, does it not?"

Not to us perhaps, and apparently not to *The Strand*. By return of post the victims agreed. Though the Doctor's "roar of exasperation could be heard throughout the house," the seventh adventure began. The full six duly appeared, but there was black murder in the father's heart. He had confessed as much to his mother. "I think," he writes, "of slaying Holmes in the last and winding him up. He takes my mind from better things." Mrs. Doyle was horrified. "You can't, you mustn't," she said. But he persisted, and in 1893 Holmes was slain. Young men went to the City with crêpe bands round their tall hats, and *The Strand*, like the author's mother, was in tears. He told me himself that he was more than once threatened with personal violence for the horrid deed, but whether he meant me to believe him I should not like to say.

At any rate Holmes returned. For ten years he remained under the Reichenbach Falls, but in 1903 came an offer from America for 5,000 dollars a story with half as much for his appearance in England, from George Newnes. The answer was sent on a post card: "Very well, A. C. D."

The Adventure of the Empty House appeared in *The Strand* for October, and "the scenes at the railway book-stalls were worse than anything I ever saw at a bargain sale." After this I do not know exactly what price was set on the detective's head, and it is hard to know whether to compare him to Midas or to Danaë in her shower of gold. Clearly he financed many of the great-hearted and philanthropic enterprises on which Sir Arthur spent his latest years, and his biographer notes that at one time Holmes was worth ten shillings a word.

It is pleasing to speculate whether in his extreme old age he could have commanded perhaps five shillings or seven-and-sixpence a letter. But even so, I feel certain that Sir Arthur would have been far too high-minded to allow Dr. Watson or even the most flustered of clients to stammer.

EVÖE.

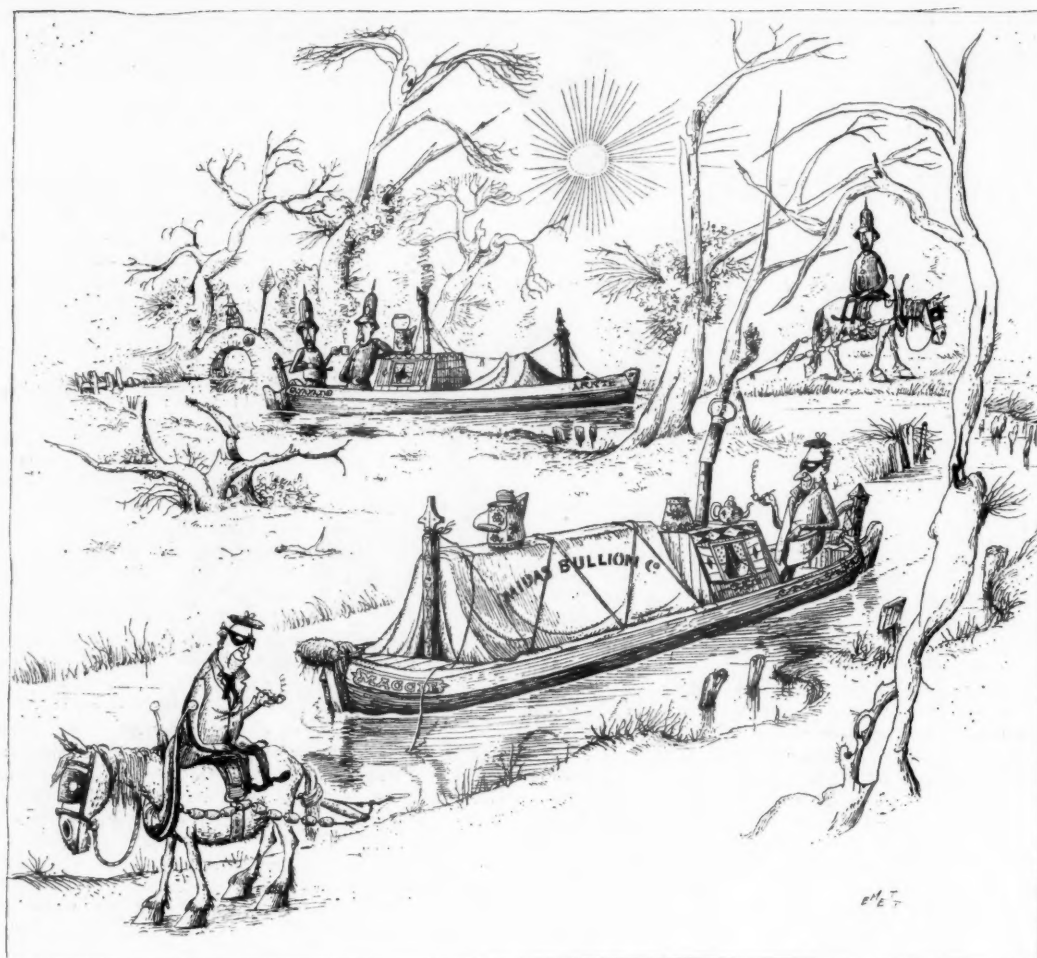
Of Course

WHENEVER we go down to play golf
The ladies are so numerous they crowd us off.
Thank goodness Wednesday
Is the mednesday.



RECOGNITION

A Possible Scene in the Bulrushes



The Cosmic Mess

OUR Guest Columnist to-day is none other than Mr. Albert Haddock, M.P. Well, Mr. Haddock, this column is delighted to welcome you. It understands that you have a moral tale for its uncountable readers. Go ahead.

Mr. Haddock. Thank you, my dear column. Well, yes, it is perhaps a moral tale: but I don't quite know what the moral is. It's either "Hope on—hope ever. Never say die. Struggle on!" and so on. Or else it's "Leave things alone. Don't bother".

This Column. So far, it sounds a little confusing, certainly.

Mr. Haddock. It's about the London Water-bus. Reading the Public Works (Festival of Britain) Bill, I was interested to see in the Explanatory Memorandum that among the Works authorized to be undertaken by the

London County Council were "landing-stages to enable river passenger boats to serve the Exhibition site" on the South Bank. The landing-stages (including "dolphins and piers") may, by Clause One, be "either temporary or not as may be so determined".

This Column. And this column believes that it is hoped to make much use of the Water-bus in the Festival year?

Mr. Haddock. So I believe. But how it takes me back! At the beginning of the century—1904, I think—there was an L.C.C. election at which the Thames Penny Steamers were much discussed: and after the election the winning party had the service scrapped. In the 20's Sir Samuel Instone spent much time, toil, and treasure trying to start a new service, in vain. The trouble was always the piers. A private

person could not build piers: and Sir Samuel could never come to terms with the authorities who had the powers. He gave up at last. In 1932, with Mr. W. H. O. Bunge, I wrote a book about the Water-bus. Later, I forget when, we got a Public Inquiry. It reported that such a service was "desirable and practical", but did not make any heavy bets that it would pay. Nothing happened.

In 1934 the London Passenger Transport Board was created. Surely, I thought, this is the big opportunity. But there was nothing in the Bill giving the L.P.T.B. power to run a passenger service on the Thames. Those powers belonged to the L.C.C., who were still unwilling to use them. I was not in the House, but I drafted an amendment, a friendly Member put it down, and Mr. Pybus, the Minister

of Transport, accepted it. I had wooed the good Mr. Pybus, I should add, with flattering talk of "Water Pybuses"; but the amendment went in on its merits and became Section 19 of the London Passenger Transport Act, 1933. And was I proud?

Section 19, besides transferring to the L.P.T.B. the powers of the L.C.C., laid upon the Board the general duty "to consider and take such steps as they may think fit, by virtue of the powers transferred to them, to utilize the River Thames for the purpose of passenger transport, whether by steam-boats, motor-boats or other vessels."

When the London Passenger Transport Board had had time to settle down, we began to woo the great Mr. Frank Pick, the General Manager. We bombarded him with documents, figures, designs and maps. We lured him on to the old flat-bottomed boat I had then (one very small and uncertain engine) and gently carried him up and down the river. He knew nothing about the water; he was a cautious man: but he was interested, he seemed to become more interested; and at one point, I remember, we really thought we had got somewhere. Then suddenly an Iron Curtain descended. I don't know what happened: but I have always imagined the Chairman, Lord Ashfield, crying out: "Christmas, Frank, haven't we got enough trouble with trains and trams? Boats! No thank you!" Anyhow the Board "did not see fit to take any steps", and that was that.

The next thing was that there was

another L.C.C. Election, at which Mr. Herbert Morrison and his merry men were victorious. They had always resented the scrapping of the Penny Steamers in 1904, and now, perhaps, they would feel like running a new service themselves.

But, through my butting in, as afore-said, they no longer had the power!

It was at this point that I began to wonder whether perhaps it wasn't best to leave things alone, and do crossword puzzles instead.

However, I was now a legislator: and in 1939 (March 29th) I had another go.

I moved for leave to introduce a Bill under the Ten Minutes' Rule—it must have been one of the last times that Rule was seen in action. The Bill was simply to take away from the L.P.T.B. the powers which they had failed to use, and give them back to the L.C.C. It was opposed, and I was refused leave—but only by 174 votes to 132.

So the situation remains as it was. The L.C.C. and the Port of London Authority can build piers but not run boats. A private person can run boats but not build piers. The London Passenger Transport Board could do both, I think; but they won't do either. When all Transport was nationalized I thought to myself "Well, here's a chance for the State to show what it can do—a desirable service not necessarily profitable. We may see His Majesty's Water-bus yet". But I have withdrawn into a state of philosophic calm, and nothing would induce me to put a finger in the pie again.

Fortunately, though, the torch—or the itch—has passed to others. Last year they ran a "limited", but, I understand, highly successful service for a part of the summer. When I say "they" I do not mean the State; or even the London Passenger Transport Board. The swift and handy vessels are provided by Mr. Odell, the tug owner of Lambeth; Mr. Tom Macpherson, the Member for Romford, is the moving political spirit and has got the various departments to co-operate—though not, I gather, to risk any money. But, between them, they have done two things, at least, for which I was agitating fifteen years ago—restored the piers at Putney and Charing Cross. Bless them!

The Minister of Transport, I am glad to say, inaugurated the service last year, and was reported to have made two remarks which entertained me. One was the assurance that no public money was involved in the enterprise: the other was that some new name should be found for the vessels, for "Water-bus" was "rather cumbrous". I cannot think that he was correctly reported.

Still, there he was—and bless him, and his great Department too! And now the Festival of Britain has brought the "river passenger boats" (a less cumbrous term, no doubt) into a Government Bill! We move—though as a glacier, we move.

This Column. Thank you, Mr. Haddock.

Mr. Haddock. Not at all. *Il n'y a pas de quoi. No hay de que.*

A. P. H.



At the Pictures

The Small Back Room—The Paradine Case—Cry of the City

EXCEPT for a certain unjustified and overdone hammering at the subject of whisky, the film of NIGEL BALCHIN's novel *The Small Back Room* (Directors: MICHAEL POWELL and



(The Small Back Room)

"OH, I DON'T LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE"

Sammy Rice DAVID FARRAR

EMERIC PRESSBURGER) is very good indeed, and profoundly enjoyable. The book's big climactic scene, the dismantling of the bomb, is of course the big climactic scene of the film too, and it is most admirably done by all concerned, holding the very extreme of suspense for an astonishingly long time; but besides this, the rest of what struck me as (apart from the changed mood at the end) an unusually faithful translation to the screen strikingly succeeds in capturing the whole book's virtue of incessant interest, its intense readability. This is a picture with that rare, valuable quality I have before unsuccessfully tried to define, the quality that makes one as it were lean forward mentally, eager not to miss a detail, grasping at opportunities for pleasure, anxious for the treat to be prolonged. In the instance of a film with this particular war-time theme it is not easy to decide (as I have

also said before) how much of one's pleasure comes from technical and dramatic excellence and how much from the sheer satisfaction of reminiscence, of recognition: one looks at the picture of life in London in 1943 and finds an obscure enjoyment in comparing it with one's own memories. Nevertheless the technical and dramatic merits are undeniable and the film is worth seeing again for the sake of concentrating on them. The one big fault is that whisky business; it would probably be defended as simplification for the groundlings, but there was no need to build up the disabled scientist's feeling of physical inadequacy into a constant craving for whisky, and certainly it was unwise to include, in a mainly naturalistic piece, a violent little symbolic dream-episode in the old German "psychological" style. DAVID FARRAR and KATHLEEN BYRON provide credible, straightforward portraits of the sullen back-room-boy and his gentle, long-suffering girl, and there is much outstandingly good small-part playing, notably by RENEE ASHERSON as an A.T.S. girl, LESLIE BANKS as a bluff colonel, and CYRIL CUSACK as an earnest corporal with trouble at home.

The observant may note the date 1947 among the preliminary titles of *The Paradine Case* (Director: ALFRED HITCHCOCK); in fact this is by no means "the latest Hitchcock," having been made long before *Rope*. I have been wondering whether, if it had been made more recently, it would have been quite so full of background and "mood" music; but perhaps this is captiousness on my part, for much of the music may have been included to make the more effective and noticeable the

two or three places in which dead silence is used to strengthen the feeling of expectancy in the court scene. And most of the picture (based on ROBERT HICHENS's novel) consists of the court scene: a limited field, in which the camera is used with great freedom, so that one doesn't get the impression (as one did with *Rope*) of a wilful refusal to do the very things the film can do best. All the same, in spite of the interest and suspense of the murder trial, and other places where small details suggest the Hitchcock touch, this tale of a barrister (GREGORY PECK) temporarily infatuated with his beautiful client (VALLI) seems empty, artificial stuff: smooth, polished, skilfully put together and acted, but not much worth doing and memorable only for the almost comic relish CHARLES LAUGHTON puts into his portrait of a hanging judge. ANN TODD gives a very pleasant performance as the barrister's wife, the most human person in the story.

A third example of suspense well managed is *Cry of the City* (Director: ROBERT SIODMAK), a murder-and-pursuit story beautifully contrived to give lasting pleasure as well as immediate entertainment. The detail, the very handsome photography, and the often brilliantly amusing "bit" acting give unusual strength to what is essentially a simple account of a desperate man on the run in New York. Both the fugitive (RICHARD CONTE) and the police lieutenant (VICTOR MATURE) are from the city's Italian colony; the detail of family life in those noisy streets is excellently and convincingly used, and among other brilliant little sketches is the scene with the reminiscent theatrical photographer. R. M.



(The Paradine Case)

REX v. PARADINE

Anthony Keane (a passionate barrister) GREGORY PECK
André Latour (an unfaithful steward) LOUIS JOURDAN
Gaye Keane (a patient wife) ANN TODD
Lady Horfield (a frightened wife) ETHEL BARRYMORE
Lord Horfield (a satanic judge) CHARLES LAUGHTON
Maddalena Paradine (a poisoner) VALLI

TCO

I WILL read you Marmelee's letter. Please don't, they said.

I have nothing else to do and it will be a pleasure.

Chacun à son goût, they replied in their best French.

My dear old Hilda it is a long time since you heard from me but I often think of you and of the dear old umbrances . . . ambulances. As you see I have travelled a long way since then. TCO seems paradise compared to London fogs. I came out by air, had a marvellous trip, stopped at Aug^a, B., and K'ki. *Wonderful gunderpast*, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I suppose you know I have married again? My hubby works for the P.C.I. here in TCO, he is a very good type. We have a dear little Bun^a in the F.L.T. and no worries, really, I am getting bored with nothing to do, what a change from the past! Theo is flying home to-morrow, wish I could go too but can't afford it. Write soon and tell me all your news. Yours afftly Marmelee.

Very touching, they said. Why does she call you Hilda?

I do not know. I suppose she forgot my name was Molly.

And who on earth is this Marmelee woman?

I do not know that either, I have never in my life known anyone called Marmelee.

Their interest was roused and they said it was a bit peculiar.

But it is true I was an ambulance-driver, and the ambulances, although not so very dear to me, were certainly old.

Let us look, they said, golly, what frightful handwriting, she could be Margery or perhaps Mammy Leg. Think again.

The only Margery I know lives next door, and Mammy Leg sounds highly improbable.

Well, where is TCO?

I have never heard of it.

We suppose it is a contraction, they said brightly, she seems rather addicted to them. Let us see what we can find out about TCO. You can get there by air, stopping at Aug^a, B., and K'ki. Um.

Well that bit is not very helpful, but what about this? A place full of wonderful gunderpast must surely have more than local fame.

That word is not in the dictionary, they said after research, but it certainly looks like gunderpast, it is the best-written word in the letter. Anyway it will not help you to identify



"Yes, yes, no, yes, yes, no, no, yes, no, yes, thank you."

TCO because it was only an incident on the journey.

Or perhaps it is TCOese for tiffin, chota hazri or whatever the airline provided.

Ignore gunderpast, they said, concentrate on hubby. His name is Theo, he is a good type, and he works for the P.C.I.

You are quite wrong, it is the P.C.I. who is the good type, not hubby, and moreover it is not established that hubby's name is Theo. Theo is simply a character who is flying home to-morrow, and I suppose he brought this letter with him as I see it was posted in W.C.I.

P.C.I., they said, what could that be? Principal Customs Inquisitor . . . Port Catamaran Inspector? It has a tang of the sea. Let us assume that TCO has a coastline, and that in the hinterland is the F.L.T. where the dear little Bun^a is located.

I am sure the Bun^a must be

Marmelee's baby. In other words, her bambino or *très cher enfant*.

If it is so *cher* why does she keep it in the F.L.T.? That does not sound a motherly action to us. No, no, they said loudly, we see it all. Bun^a is obviously a bungalow, it fits in with the catamarans and the gunderpast. TCO is a tropic isle, surrounded by surf, dotted with bungalows, and benevolently ruled by the P.C.I., and his staff. Probably it is a crown colony. You must write to Marmelee and ask for more details. Perhaps she will send us a food parcel.

I cannot write to Marmelee. She has forgotten to put her address.

Too bad, they said, losing interest. Please pass us the crossword.

o o

"Cat Lovers.—Country Home Wanted for Twin Grey Male Kittens. Five months. One a persian."—*Advt. in Devon paper.*

What's the other—a Mede?



"Now turn to page five, column three."

Pop Goes the Weasel.

DO you know that a hundred years ago the Scots lost more false eyes than other races, that householders afflicted with blackbeetles used to run out and buy hedgehogs from passing hawkers, or that omnibus proprietors checked the honesty of their conductors by engaging female passengers of respectable appearance to slip a bean in their gloves for every long fare and a pea for every short one? If all this is not news to you, you have obviously been reading Mr. Peter Quennell's selection from Mayhew's vast collection of attractive facts about Early Victorian London.*

Henry Mayhew was no narrow specialist. He wrote comedies, farces, travel-books, biographies, novels, stories and treatises on popular science, works which only a reader with an insane desire to leave no stone unturned would now attempt. To-day, he is remembered chiefly for his share in starting *Punch*.

Mr. Spielmann's learned history of this periodical discusses in great detail the difficult question of its origins, leaving the matter in some doubt. There seem to have been few people in the literary world who did not have a hand in it; but at least Mayhew was one of the earliest

founders. An unscholarly anecdote from another source describes how he was fleeing his creditors up the Wye valley when the spark from heaven fell and the idea of a new humorous journal occurred to him. Calling for pen and ink from the landlord of the inn where he was taking refuge he dashed off a prospectus and, as an afterthought, the contents of an issue or two. The story, however inaccurate, illustrates his versatility and his first-hand knowledge of what poverty meant.

A little later, at the time of the Great Exhibition, he produced single-handed a four-volume survey of the lowest grade of urban workers. This selection from it consists mainly of the descriptive reporting, interviewing and "sampling," the most interesting part for the general reader; but by omitting the statistical material on which Mayhew spent so much effort it may give the impression that he was a journalist in search of copy rather than a pioneer in a new science. His intention was "To teach those who are still sceptical as to the degrading influence of circumstances upon the poor, that many of the humbler classes, if placed in the same easy position as ourselves, would become, perhaps, quite as 'respectable' members of society." This was of course a fairly new idea. Mayhew did not discover it himself; but the methods he invented to study the effect of living conditions on the poor were original, and some of them have only recently come into general use in sociology.

Unlike some reformers and investigators, Mayhew really liked people, not just to reform or declaim about but for their private and lovable flavours. He never leaves out a picturesque or amusing bit on the grounds that it is below the dignity of a scientific work or that it will seem frivolous beside the misery he is describing. He had an eye that missed nothing—the soles paired like gloves in the fish market or the old man with a forehead so wrinkled that the dark wavy lines looked like the grain of oak—and a wonderful knack for getting down living speech on paper, for example: "Ah, the old times was the rackety times," "It's not cheating, it's outwitting," and "When I'm hard up, I knows as how I must work, and then I goes at it like sticks a-breaking." There are dozens of other flashes of real talk as vivid and true. London speech still had a loose poetry of its own, and had not yet resigned itself to the verbal supremacy of Dublin.

Some of the longer set-pieces, such as the Night at Rat-catching and the interviews with the Royal Rat-catcher and Her Majesty's Bug-Destroyer, sparkle with Mayhew's delight in his own scoops. He must have been an attractive man. He certainly charmed some very tough customers into giving him the most personal details of their lives, though once he notes: "As the scavenger seemed likely to lose his temper, I changed the subject of the conversation." My favourite character in the book is the *Punch*-and-Judy man, who complained that sentimental families, "owing to the march of intellect," refused to have the ghost, coffin or devil in the play. He gave Mayhew a complete performance with his own comments, e.g., "He knocks him down with simplicity, but not with brutality, for the juvenal branches don't like to see severity practised."

Up and down the City Road, among the barrows, hovels, bars, penny gaffs and doss-houses, Mayhew took his notebook, and no significant detail escaped him. The breadth of his curiosity and his genius for descriptive writing make the account of his explorations a classic of English social history. The effect is cumulative, like that of Pepys, and it will be a pity if schoolmasters and text-book writers serve it up in snippets. The interest in the lives of our ancestors, awakened for many of us by Mr. Quennell's parents and fanned by Professor Trevelyan, has so far

* Mayhew's London: Selections from *London Labour and the London Poor*, by Henry Mayhew. Edited by Peter Quennell, Pilot Press, 21/-.

lacked any obvious focus for the nineteenth century. There is so much that one might read; but, in practice, one gets one's picture of the period from the novelists, who are selective and not very reliable. Now everybody will read Mayhew, and they could not have a more human, intelligent and entertaining guide.

Two-Headed Horse

MUMMY! Mummy, have you got a large sort of bowl I could borrow to make you a surprise in? No, not a *washing-up* bowl, I mean the sort you *put things* in, like you might put bulbs, or something to look nice. This one would do if I could empty out the snap-cards and Christopher's glove and all these safety-pins and things. Mummy, here's my screw-up pencil—well, you know, my screw-up pencil that I lost, my screw-up pencil that you said last time you saw it was out of the window on the path—well, it must have been the last time but once. Mummy, you haven't got any *horses with two heads*, have you? Well, horses with two heads, Mummy, you know *horses*—well, with *two heads*. One at each end. Each end of the horse.

Well, Mummy, it's what Mrs. Nottingham's got—you know, Mrs. Nottingham, the conker lady. Mummy, her house is *full* of interesting things, like all those daggers in a case on the wall, and horses with two heads. I buried one. One of the horses. Well, Mummy, it was in a garden. No, not her outside garden. Mummy, did you know there's a man digs her garden, I mean her proper outside one, and his name's Mr. Tribe, and he says this weather it always has to be the paths because of the damp? He has pains. Well, he was sitting on the end of a wheel-barrow smoking a pipe, thinking about his pains and the damp, and Mrs. Nottingham was just coming home with her shopping and looked over the fence just before she got to her gate and said to me "*How much an hour?*" and I said I didn't know and she asked me if I'd like an apple.

Mummy, do you know what she's got? Inside. It's a garden—a garden on the table: it's called a *table garden*. It isn't really a garden at all, it's only what it's called. It's got a Japanese bridge, and a lady on top of the bridge with a parasol, only a bit's broken off the parasol, and a piece of glass for a lake, and a little boat on the lake, and a well with a lady—or it might be a man—looking down it, only one of her arms is gone, and a lot of sort of red broken up bits of brick and things, and a piece of dead moss. She said if she'd watered the moss it wouldn't be dead. Mummy, she had it for Christmas; and she said anyone could make one if they tried only not with Japanese figures because there weren't any more, but other things.

So she lent me a bowl and I went out and smashed up a flower-pot: Mr. Tribe said I couldn't have it, but he didn't say it till after I'd smashed it. So when I'd hammered a long time it made a lot of red chips, and I scraped up a lot of moss, and Mummy, do you know what I saw? Do you? It was the horse with two heads. Mummy, I told you, *both ends*—no, I told you, it didn't have a tail. How could it have a tail if it had a head both ends? It had short legs and a long middle and two legs for each head: four legs and two heads it had, and *no tail*. It was on the sideboard. So I put it along with the chips and put moss all round as well, and only its two heads coming out, and it was two horses in an underground stable. Mummy, wasn't it wiz—two horses in an underground stable? And I had my chess horse in my pocket—well, you know, my chess horse that

I found on the common, that's called a knight, but it looks like a horse: Mummy, I put it in too and it was looking at the two horses in the underground stable and it was all stretched up and sort of *surprised-looking*. Mummy, why are chess horses always so *surprised-looking*?

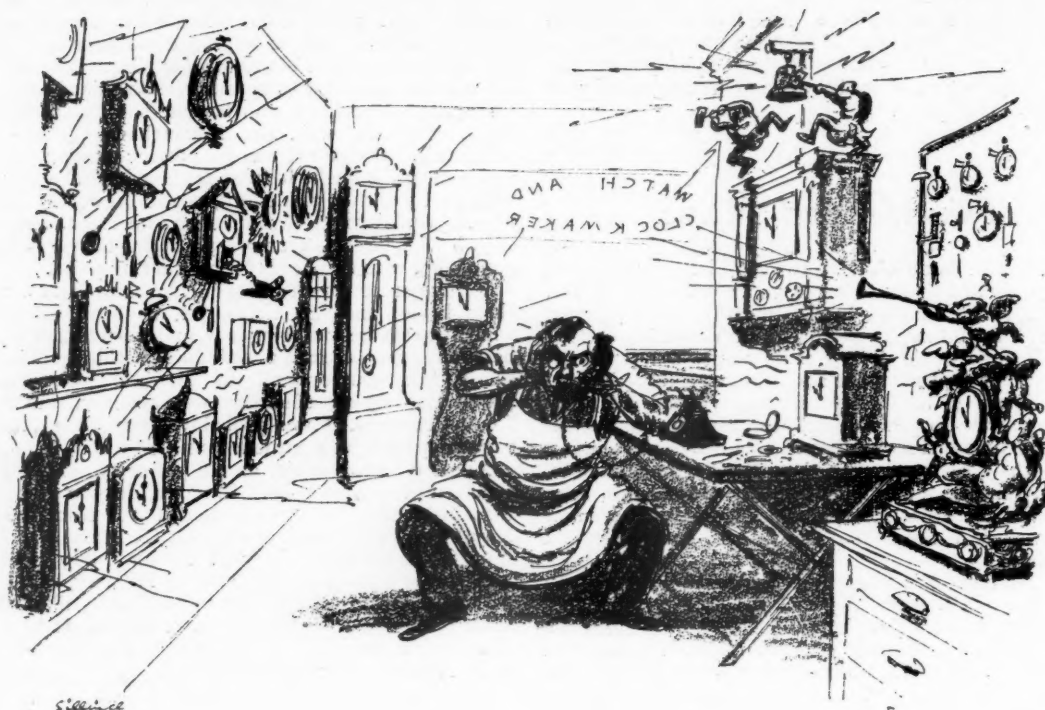
Mummy, it couldn't stop because she had to have the horse for dinner—well, Mrs. Nottingham: the horse with two heads. Because it was for putting carving knives on and someone brought it from Holland and she dug it up very gently with a pickle-fork, not to break it. Mummy, *why* do people put carving-knives on a horse with two heads? Why? Well, it seems a funny sort of thing to me: *we* haven't got a horse with two heads for our carving-knife.

So my garden was really spoilt, but I brought away the chess horse; and Mr. Tribe put his head through the window to say he was going now, and when he saw the moss he said it wasn't moss it was alpine something and it wasn't safe to take your eyes off, and Mrs. Nottingham said all people with any sort of gardens were *sensitive*, Mummy, and I'd better come, it was probably dinner-time. Mummy, *why* are people with gardens *sensitive*?

Mummy, have you got an old pot or something I could smash up for some chips? Mummy, do you know where that little Christmas tree is that I had from the cake? May I borrow Christopher's Father Christmas that he had from Grannie's cake? May I? Mummy, *why* must I ask him?—you know he won't let me. Mummy, *why* haven't we got any *interesting* things in our house, like Japanese wells or horses with two heads or anything: how can I make you a surprise if we haven't got anything to make it with, Mummy, how can I?



"Calling Car No. 17. Black saloon, index number HLB172, reported loitering and acting suspiciously. Calling Car No. 17 . . ."



"At the third stroke it will be WHAT?"

Welcome to Cleckersyke Clough!

TOURISTS, even American ones, do not visit Cleckersyke Clough very often. In fact—I may as well be frank—in all my experience I cannot remember a single one ever doing so. However, with the present drive to attract tourists, it is just possible that sooner or later some hapless visitor, parted from the throng of his fellows, lost and bewildered, may find his way to the Parnassus of boiler-making. If so, he will of course need a guide-book, and so I am printing an extract from Baedeker's *Guide to the West Riding of Yorkshire*, an early and little-known work of the master, which, after a spirited protest from the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce, was withdrawn from circulation in 1906, and is now extremely rare. It contains what is still the best general description of Cleckersyke Clough and its environs.

CLECKERSYKE CLOUGH (Red Lion, unpretending; Railway Refreshment Rooms, unendurable), a boiler-making town of 7,196 inhabitants, offers little to detain the ordinary tourist, though

the amateur of boiler-making may feel constrained to linger for some time in the grimy metropolis of his art.

On leaving the railway station we see on the right the equestrian statue of Sir Jabez Ormondroyd, by Mungo Oldfield, and debouching on North Street, pass in quick succession the Town Hall, an interesting Perpendicular Police Station, MacSeedy's Doss-house and Oyster Bar (not recommended) and the Band of Hope Billiard Hall. Quickening our pace, we see on the left a low whitewashed cottage—this is the birthplace of Eli Proudfoot (1779–1902), "the Boiler-making Bard," and bears a memorial plaque (defaced by vandals) with the lines:

"He dwelt in life's sequestered vale
With ne'er a sprig of yew."

Breaking into a run, we soon reach the frowning façade of the **Uggshaw Institute (adm. adults 6d., children 3d., 2 adults 10d., 3 adults accompanied by one child 1s. 2½d., 3 children accompanied by one adult 9½d., etc. For large parties, consult the Town Clerk

for terms). Tourists are advised to take a firm hand with the touts and souvenir sellers who infest the neighbourhood of the Institute, and who can be distinguished from the rest of the population by their air of prosperity and confident effrontery.

The Uggshaw Institute has been described as at once the Acropolis and the Capitoline Hill of Cleckersyke Clough, while enthusiastic local historians have compared it with the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Mount Everest, etc. It is a handsome building in the Palladian style with half-timbered extensions and elaborate steeples at each corner. Ladies who wish to avoid the fatiguing ascent of the Grand Staircase (interesting groining), may arrange to be hoisted to the top floor by a block and tackle apparatus (weekdays only, 5d.) by making written application in advance to the Curator. The top floor contains: Room I. The Ormondroyd Bequest. An extensive collection of modern paintings, sculptures and bijouterie. Note *Holman Hunt: Faith and Hope

Contemplating a Dying Boilermaker. Orchardson: Boilers of the Sea. *Millais: Reuben Uggshaw Discovering the Principle of the Cylindrical Double-ended Compensating Intake Valve. Room II. A fine collection of nineteenth-century religious tracts and stuffed weasels. Room III. Temperance Hall, containing remarkable hand-painted gas-jets and posters of Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. Room IV. Closed to the public. Room V. Disused lift-shaft (open to the public). The view from the top of the central tower (compulsory) is, except in foggy weather, extensive but repellent.

Beyond the Institute, the town is dominated by the huge machicolated buildings of **Ormondroyd and Uggshaw's Boilerworks (key under ham sandwich at Railway Refreshment Rooms—inquire of attendant). Guides (gratuity expected) are essential for the visit to the works, as whirlpools and labyrinths may be encountered, and the workhands are of uncertain temper. A letter of introduction to the Works Manager will, however, work wonders. The main buildings of interest are the workshops, prominently labelled "A" Shed, "B" Shed, "C" Shed, etc., to avoid confusion. Note the curious open space between "B" and "C" Sheds. Here, on Wuthering Sunday, which is always celebrated on January 19th, whatever day of the week that happens to be, a huge marzipan effigy of the then head of the firm is cut into

one hundred and four pieces and eaten to the accompaniment of age-old ceremonies. Strangers are not generally allowed to watch the actual boilermaking processes, but a visit to the Works Canteen (interesting old bath-buns) should be made if possible. The Museum contains specimens ranging from the stone boilers of the neolithic age to the most intricate machines of the present day.

Cleckersyke Clough is an excellent centre for pedestrians. The following excursions are recommended:—

Excursion A. To Blackbeardshaw Carr (10 miles). We turn round in bewilderment two or three times after leaving the main Tram Terminus, cross the canal by a rope bridge, enter Lardworthy's Shaving Saloon, and reach the open country through the finely carved *Revolving Doors at the back. After two or three hours' hard walking over undulating country we reach Blackbeardshaw Carr, a featureless expanse of scrub-oak and cork, with a ruined soapworks in the middle. *Mother Crampshaw's Cottage, a curious natural crevasse, contains a fortune-telling booth and a picture postcard manufactory (adm. 1s., Fridays only). This seen, there is nothing for it but to return to Cleckersyke Clough as soon as possible.

Excursion B. To Ormondroyd Hall, via the Old Cut (4 miles). Boats (7s. 6d. an hour, with bottoms 9s. 6d. an hour) may be hired from agents at the Uggshaw Institute (see warning

above), but tourists should note that in dry weather they will have to carry their boats most of the way, while in wet weather the boats will probably capsize, and that in any case, whether it be wet or dry, it is perhaps better not to attempt the excursion at all. The determined tourist, however, should be able to glimpse Ormondroyd Hall, a rambling castellated mansion, through the trees on the left after about an hour's journey. As access to the grounds is strictly forbidden, the tourist will probably return to Cleckersyke Clough with a deepening sense of disappointment and frustration.

Excursion C. To Blackbeardshaw Carr again. See above. Recommended for the exceptionally hardy tourist, or for those who wish to expiate guilt incurred in this or previous lives.

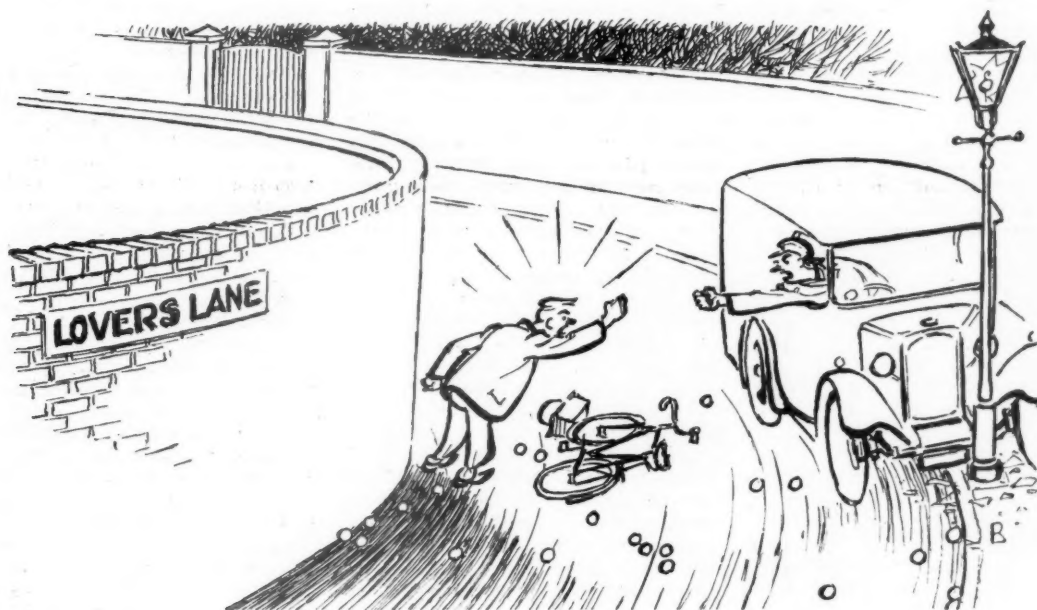
Excursion D. To Ormondroyd Hall again. See above.

These excursions may of course be taken in the reverse order.

Dies Non

WHEN Grandpapa was born the gods
In their celestial forum
Decreed (*nem. con.*) that he should be
A Great High Cockalorum.

When I was born the gods did not
Behave with such decorum;
Indeed, I fear, too few were there
To constitute a quorum.



English Water-Colours



SAVE for a few late eighteenth-century studies, the fine collection of water-colour drawings at Agnew's, Old Bond Street, belongs to the last century, with an emphasis on the early English School whose leaders included David Cox and John Varley. These artists are particularly well represented, Cox by such joyous things as his breezy "Rhyl Sands" and a radiant sketch of "Shrimpers" reminiscent of a Bonington study made in the Pays de Caux, and Varley by an exquisite vignette, drawn direct with a fine brush, of the Thames from Richmond Hill, and a number of studied compositions—such as a prospect "Near Snowdon"—in the classical landscape tradition.

It is worth remarking that while Cox at his best is unapproached by his lesser contemporaries, his prodigious output of sketches from Nature is naturally uneven in quality, and on a large scale he is seldom happy—one of his more

ambitious excursions here, as you will observe, being obviously too big for its content. More consistent are his predecessors J. R. Cozens and Thomas Girtin; and remarkably consistent in their thoughtful, disciplined style are the wash-drawings of that lesser-known contemporary Anthony Devis. Indeed, one of the gems of a collection of great and little masters is a sketch by Devis of "Melincourt"—a wooded hollow with a waterfall, saturated with light and innocent of colour save for a wash of blue in the sky. Young William Müller (to return to Cox's period) must also be rated a *petit maître* merely, albeit a delightfully vigorous one. So infectious is his enthusiasm that it is easy to believe that in moments of excitement he would grip his brush with both hands and work like a demon possessed.

This enchanting miscellany, ranging in time from Rowlandson to Kate Greenaway, may be seen until March.

N. A. D. W.



Facing the Music

IT is my own fault that I am sitting here. We are nearly through the last movement now, and then I shall be able to leave the platform and kick myself. For the present, however, I must stay where I am and continue to justify myself with the audience.

I mentioned to Herr Korkzieher, when I found out that he was the conductor of the orchestra and not a professor of something at London University, as the barmaid had told me, that he must look quite different to the orchestra from the way he looks to the audience. It was a pointless remark, designed to keep the conversation on his own ground but away from musical technicalities. Herr Korkzieher—we were in a small bar quite close to the Albert Hall—reacted by inviting me to sit with the orchestra at the concert which was due to begin in a few minutes' time and see the difference. Idly I said I would be glad to do so. And here I am.

Difficulties began from the start. The conductor led me to the edge of the platform where, among the scores of music-stands and bentwood chairs, old double-basses, timpani and other large instruments lay like whales stranded on the beach; said briefly "Zit zommvere at de pack," and disappeared. I took a couple of paces forward and suddenly realized that the curtain was up and the house was full.

You would not believe the Albert Hall could hold so many people.

There was no one else on the platform except a man who was distributing sheets of music. There was no chance that the audience might not have noticed me; I must carry the thing off with such panache as I could summon. I sauntered over to the man with the music and asked "Isn't your name Bultitude?"

He shook his head and dropped a viola part of the Jupiter Symphony. "Smith," he said, "Smith."

"Sorry," I said, and went off the stage the way I had come. That had been easy. The audience, no doubt, imagined that I had said "Do you need any extra second violins?" and that he had replied "No thanks." I should of course have left the hall then but I thought of Herr Korkzieher scanning the rear ranks of his musicians for me, possibly omitting to give somebody his entry in his anxiety to know what had become of me, and I felt I had to go back.

While I thought of all this, fortunately, a great number of musicians had arrived, led by a charming young woman who was now tuning a harp, and had gone chattering and nonchalant on to the platform I had just left. When about sixty of them had passed me I decided I could safely return and hide among them. I held



William Sculley

back for a moment while there was a round of applause for something which I failed to see, then dodged on to the stage.

Somewhat to my surprise there was a round of applause for me too, though it petered out quickly and rather shamefacedly. It was explained to me by the third bassoon between two items that as a rule nobody comes on after the leader of the orchestra except the conductor; and as I had nothing in my hands, one or two people who had not seen him before took me for Herr Korkzieher. As soon as they realized that I was wearing a tweed jacket and bottle-green corduroy trousers they knew they must have made a mistake. But so had I—I had drawn attention to myself, and for the rest of the evening I felt there would be curious people in that audience saying to one another "I wonder what the chap does who is sitting up there at the back behind the oboes?" From that moment I knew I had to justify my presence.

Herr Korkzieher came on, and I shuffled into a place at the back of the orchestra, between the bass trombone player and the tuba player. Both of them were a bit surprised to see me; I half expected the trombonist to offer me the loan of his trombone if I was sure I hadn't got one. They were both very experienced orchestral musicians, and had never seen anyone sit in that particular area of an orchestra without playing some very large brass instrument. On the other hand, I have since formed the impression that they were a little awed as well; I had, they must have felt, brought the art of cutting rehearsals to a point seldom attained.

When Herr Korkzieher arrived he looked for me almost immediately and gave me a friendly nod, so I was glad I had not given way to my panic instinct to leave when I met with my first reverse. Then he raised both his arms like Dracula about to turn into a bat and everyone except myself began to play some kind of music.

During the whole of the overture I sat quite still, even when the tuba and the bass trombone together burst into what must have been the loudest music ever composed. I was terrified that if I moved I should draw attention to myself, and people would be indignant with me for not doing my fair share. For a time I toyed with the idea of singing something, but on reflection it occurred to me that the audience would know there was no baritone soloist in that piece; and in any case I did not know what to sing.

When the overture was finished I took the tuba into my confidence. He

was rather inclined to scoff at my troubles. "In lots of music," he told me, "there are parts which only come in for about two bars in the whole of four movements. You want to look as though you were going to play the musical glasses or the boatswain's whistle or something at any moment. Nobody will really watch you so carefully that they will know if you ever actually do play anything."

I said I was a little anxious also about not wearing a dinner-jacket like everybody else.

"My dear chap!" said the tuba. "Have you ever seen the citizen who plays the cimbalom in 'Hari Janos'? He always turns up dressed in the red uniform of the gipsy orchestra at the Goulash Restaurant. Actually he's the only cimbalom player in London and has to hop over quick from the Goulash while the rest of the band go for their supper; but I assure you most people think you can't play a cimbalom without wearing a red gipsy uniform."

"I can't play a cimbalom at all," I pointed out.

"Nobody knows what it is you're going to play. What you're wearing might be the appropriate dress for almost anything; except this lot." He indicated the entire orchestra with a sweep of his hand. "They wear dinner-jackets, of course."

Herr Korkzieher collected us for the next piece, and I could not go on

talking to the tuba player after that. All the same, he had given me an idea. For the rest of the concert, up till now, I have sat gazing at the tuba part as if at any moment I should be expected to join in. Three or four times—this is the artistic part—I have raised both hands to my mouth, when I thought the band was playing so loud that nothing I did could make any difference, as if I was playing some very small instrument. Between whiles I have ostentatiously counted the bars on my fingers. It has restored my self-confidence a lot, and now, although I cannot say that I would rather be here than in the audience, or even in the bar, I no longer have that uncomfortable feeling that the whole house has its eyes fixed on me with the unspoken accusation that I am an interloper.

Herr Korkzieher, it is true, does not seem to take a very good view of my behaviour, and even seems to think that I am trying to get a cheap laugh. Well, at any rate I have made the most of my opportunity to see how he looks from the orchestra's point of view. The trouble is that I am still not able to answer my original query, as I have never seen him from the audience.

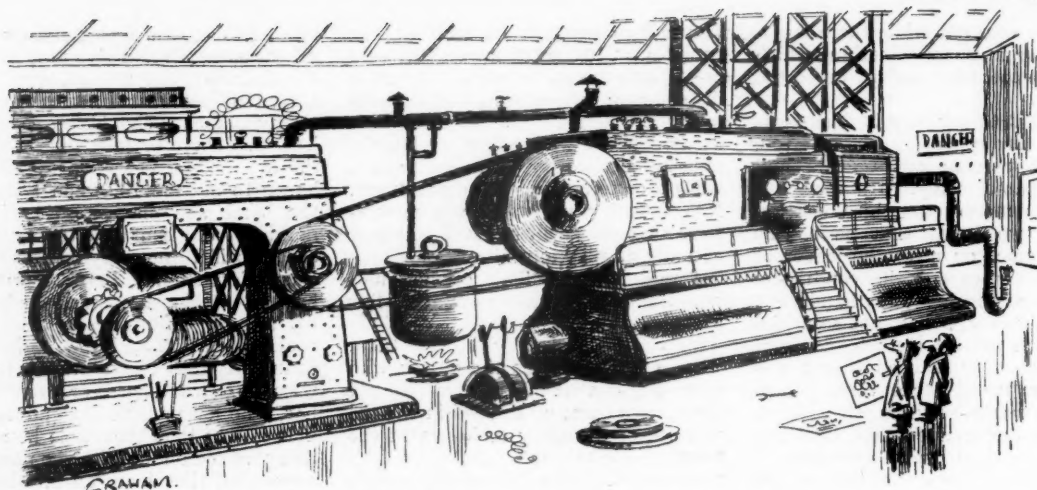
"CORK TO FLOAT
NEW HOUSING LOAN"
Heading in the "Irish Times,"

Very suitable.



C. R. B.

"... then one day I dropped my mother on her head."



"Pity! It was an excellent idea if it had worked."

How to Become Prime Minister

FIRST of all—and this is important—make quite certain that Prime Minister is what you really want to be. There can be no more disheartening experience than to find, after a few years, that the job does not really interest you. Also, of course, it is virtually a blind-alley occupation; so be careful to take no irrevocable step until you are sure it is the job for you.

Once this is settled you cannot begin training too early. Fortunately there are now available several books, by experienced Prime Ministers, which any good book-seller will get for you. The daily press also prints useful hints from time to time on the different aspects of a Prime Minister's work; and you may find it instructive to clip some of these out and compare them. It must, incidentally, be one of the pleasantest features of being Prime Minister to find how many people are willing to devote time and thought to your job and its problems.

Perhaps the first quality you should try to develop is *foresight*. This is quite essential for the aspiring Prime Minister, as one simple example will show. It has long been the custom in this country for a clean-shaven Prime Minister to be succeeded by one with a moustache, and vice versa; and this makes it important for you to decide which category will be eligible when your moment comes. The earlier you are able to work this out the better—since to be found hurriedly growing a moustache or, alternatively, shaving one off might be enough to prejudice your chances for life.

Appearance, of course, bulks large in a Prime Minister's apprenticeship. Unlike other people, a future Prime Minister must grow to look *more* like his photographs, and not *less*. To this end, it is as well to keep by you a good, recent photograph, and spend a few minutes in front of a mirror with it each day, correcting any idiosyncrasies of posture, expression or hair-style which tend to diminish the resemblance. It is noteworthy that nearly all our Prime Ministers have been successful in looking reasonably like their photographs before actually taking office. One or two of them have left it late, but only rarely has this country been afflicted with a totally unrecognizable Prime Minister.

A feature of the training which you may find slightly more tiresome is that of ministerial office. Under the present system, unfortunately, this is unavoidable. Indeed, one question you will almost certainly be asked is "Of how many departments have you been Secretary?" or "Of how many Boards have you been President?" or possibly "Of how many duchies have you been Chancellor?" Though none of these offices need be held for more than a month or two, it is a big help to be able to quote a decent list.

A word now about what is probably the most difficult accomplishment required of a Prime Minister—the Cabinet re-shuffle. Practise this regularly until you feel you have the operation completely under control. The important thing is to be able to keep the entire re-shuffle *inside* the Cabinet. In practice of course this is

not often done; but you will find few good Prime Ministers allowing their re-shuffles to get down among the Civil Servants. (This is particularly important to-day, when a careless Prime Minister might easily find himself shuffling, say, engine-drivers.)

Finally, to the aspiring Prime Minister who has put in some solid practice, who is clocking up a reasonable score of duchies and departments, and who feels that his upper lip is right for his age-group, we would simply say: "Good luck, in what we are sure you will find a varied and interesting occupation."

Prickly Subject

FOR Christmas we got
A purple pot
Which when unpacked I
Found contained cacti.
Why they do not
Attract us is—
Or, at least, one of the chief factors is—
That my wife calls them cactuses,
While as a certain fact I
Know they are cacti.
And the argument tends to get hot.

I have just seen what
The dictionary says under "Cactus."
It backed us
Both up—either "Cacti" or "Cactuses"
Are alternative practices.
So we're still in a spot,
And the only thing that can extract
us is
To let the cacti (or cactuses)
Rot.

JUSTIN.



THE POPULAR TOURIST

[“A year ago the pound was shunned and suspect; now it is among the world’s hard currencies.”—*The Economist*.]

MONDAY, January 24th.—Whenever Mr.

ANEURIN BEVAN, the combative Minister of Health, is to be in action there is always a good and expectant attendance in the House of Commons. For one thing, he is one of the relatively few debaters left in the House, for he really does deal with points raised and does not merely read a prepared speech. Indeed, some of his verbal exploits and excursions seem to worry his advisers as they sit in their isolated box under the gallery.

However, by sheer force of bludgeon and jutting chin, and the incongruous but effective aid of a keen sense of humour, Mr. BEVAN hacks his way through the debates and gets his business approved by the majority of the House. He seemingly works on the simple principle, that everything the Government (and particularly the Minister of Health) does is right, while everything the Opposition does is wrong. Not all politicians take this clear-cut view of things, and not all politicians are so outstandingly successful in getting their own way as is Mr. B.

When he presented to the House to-day his Bill to bring under rent-control houses and flats let since the end of the war, and to enable tenants to recover premiums paid for the right to occupy, he got a rousing cheer. The Conservative Opposition had tabled a motion for the rejection of the Bill and Mr. BEVAN seized on this.

He proclaimed himself "astonished" that the Tories should have taken this step, and announced his view that it was the direct result of pressure from the owners of property.

This gained him another echoing cheer, especially from those Members who like their politics simple and uncomplicated. The Minister went on to make a logical and reasoned case for the Bill, throwing in a little vituperation (as a cook adds "salt and pepper to taste") whenever interest seemed to be lagging.

When it came to Colonel WALTER ELLIOT's turn to speak for the Conservatives, he produced a few bits and pieces of venom, which he casually flicked into the stock-pot. He said, for instance, that the Minister had brought forward the Bill—a "Charter for spivs"—only to please the more extreme section of his Party, who did not believe in anybody owning anything, anyway. And the Minister, said Colonel ELLIOT, had done it only to gain electoral advantage.

Mr. BEVAN gave him the sort of

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, January 24th.—House of Commons: Politics at a Premium.

Tuesday, January 25th.—House of Commons: The Interest is "Out of Doors."

House of Lords: Crime and Punishment.

Wednesday, January 26th.—House of Commons: Palestine is Debated.

Thursday, January 27th.—House of Commons: The Coalman.

friendly look a hungry tiger gives to a human visitor to his jungle home. But the gallant Colonel (who was himself a distinguished Minister of Health) did not turn a hair.

The Minister said the Bill did not deal with *all* abuses connected with the letting of property, but only the grosser ones—adding sweetly that he would be glad to consider further proposals anyone had to offer, such as the Bill's extension to cover lettings *before* the summer of 1945.

Colonel ELLIOT at once pointed out that one of the greatest abuses, the



A. W. L.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

68. Mr. Driberg (Essex, Maldon).

assignment of leases by tenants, was not mentioned in the Bill. Thus it attacked a man who did something useful by providing property, but left unscathed the man who did nothing but assign, at a stiff premium, something he had done nothing to provide.

Then the debate drifted into the technicalities of rent-control law and was conducted almost exclusively by lawyers. It was not until Mr. PETER THORNEYCROFT filled the House up again, by rising to wind up the debate for the Opposition, that fire returned.

Mr. THORNEYCROFT has reduced to a fine art the turning of a rhetorical dagger in a political wound—all done with a smile, an exquisite politeness

and felicity of phrase that makes it almost a pleasure even to what Whitehall would doubtless call the "stabbee." He made a few gashes here and there in a "thoroughly bad Bill," but the Government Whips got busy and the Conservative rejection motion was itself rejected by 286 votes to 118.

TUESDAY, January 25th.—There was a curious atmosphere about the House of Commons to-day. Members sat watching the clock and walking in and out in an impatient manner. They did their best (some of them) to look interested in the Wireless Bill, which makes it compulsory for those using electric irons, vacuum-cleaners and other apparatus which might make a noise on the radio or a blotch on the television, to fit "suppressors" to them.

Mr. PALING, the Postmaster-General, a trifle belatedly introduced an amendment to his own Bill, to compel the manufacturers of potentially "noisy" goods to fix the suppressors, instead of placing the onus on the users. Mr. ROBERT GRIMSTON commented that this amendment met the wishes of the whole House and welcomed the P.M.G.'s arrival at the penitent form.

The discussion of the Bill drifted on until, at 6.32, a Member walked excitedly in with a White Paper. This was the report of the Judicial Tribunal, under Mr. Justice Lynskey.

There was an instant rush of the twenty-five Members who had been listening to the debate to the office from which the report was being issued. Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, the Attorney General, who had been one of the stars before the Tribunal, looked on a trifle quizzically as his audience abruptly left him, ignoring his highly-technical but doubtless highly-informative explanation of some legal point relating to radio reception.

Their Lordships were talking about Criminal Justice in Scotland, and the speeches were all about detention establishments, penal servitude, and the hope of reforming evil-doers. The Bill was approved.

Then their Lordships joined in the rush for the "best-seller." Some of them were successful. Others found "Sorry—No Reports" already posted.

WEDNESDAY, January 26th.—There was no doubting the atmosphere of "crisis" in the Commons to-day. For one thing, Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, who is "Head Pre." and



"Tarquin is topping them badly this morning."

responsible for discipline, looked worried. He was not unique in that, for all the Government sat glumly waiting for the debate on Palestine. They had had a curtain-raiser at a private meeting of the Labour Party in the morning, and this had, seemingly, not been an unqualified success.

Mr. BEVIN, the Foreign Minister, walked heavily to the table and read steadily through a typed speech.

His case was that his policy towards the State of Israel had been a right one, that it was the one most likely to bring peace in the vital Middle East area, and that he had to keep in step with Commonwealth and other Governments.

When Mr. CHURCHILL took the floor he commented that the speech was a plea that the Government's Foreign policy could hardly have been better. But in Mr. CHURCHILL's view the policy had been an astounding mishandling of the situation, so gross and glaring that it had to be exposed in the plainest terms.

He proceeded to expose it in terms that were certainly not lacking in clarity or directness. Indeed, he was so outspoken that Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER,

the Communist Member, cried gleefully: "You'll end up with the Communists!" Even that prospect, however, did not deter Mr. CHURCHILL from making the most severe attack on Mr. BEVIN anyone present had ever heard.

The Government's policy had succeeded in gaining for Britain the hatred of both Jew and Arab and the contempt of the rest of the world. And it was claimed as a victory for patience! When challenged, Mr. B. retired in a cloud of inky water and vapour, like a cuttle-fish . . . and so on.

All punctuated by approving cheers from the Conservatives, while the Government's supporters sat in sullen silence and Ministers wriggled uneasily under the lash.

Then the Government's Back-bench rebels had their say, and Ministerial faces grew longer and longer. A speaker in support of the Government was as rare as a diamond in a ten-cent store, and Whips flitted anxiously in and out.

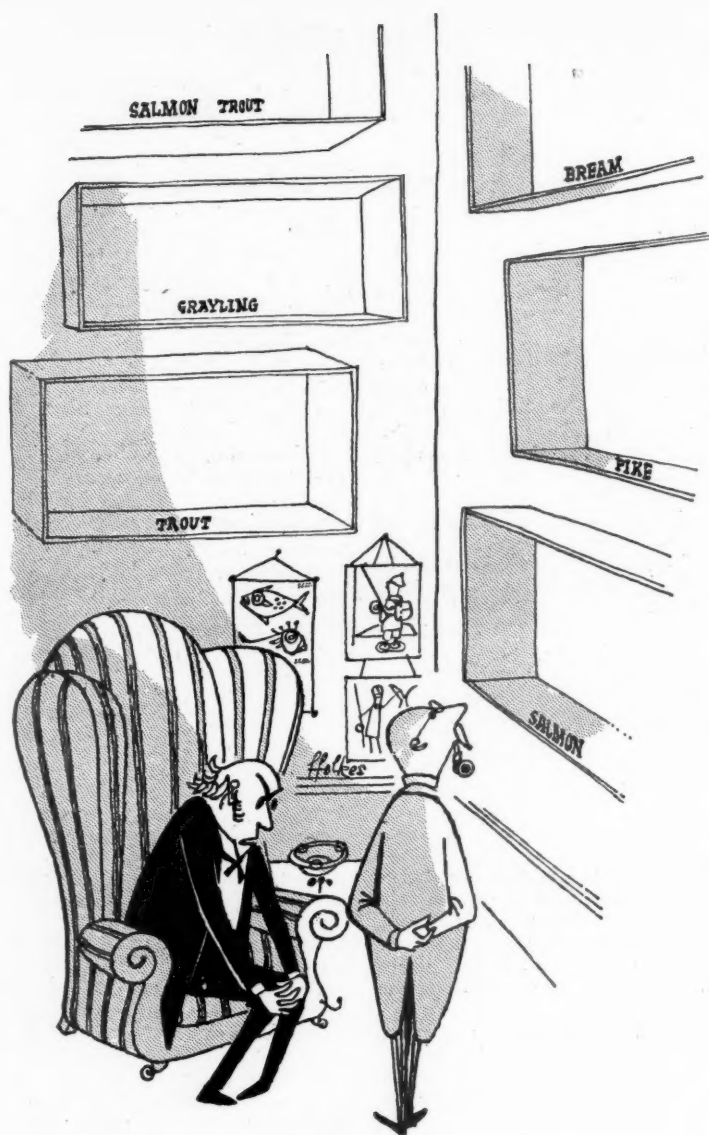
Mr. OLIVER STANLEY having rounded things off with the blunt statement that Mr. BEVIN had been "obstinately blind," Mr. ATTLEE took over. His

main complaint was that the criticisms had not been made before, and he defended the Government's policy largely on the ground that Mr. CHURCHILL could not have done any better.

And then he lengthened the faces of the Government Whips still further by announcing that (despite the fact that only a "Two-line" Whip had been circulated) the vote was to be made one of confidence in the Government. He turned his back on the Chair in order to make an impassioned appeal to the rebels.

But when the vote was taken, long lines of Labour Members sat where they were, refusing to support the vote of confidence in the Government. The result was: for the Government 283; against, 193. Which meant that the Government majority was about halved.

THURSDAY, January 27th.—The joyous news that, from the end of April, people will be able to change their coalmen was given by Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, Fuel Minister. Mrs. MANN at once inquired whether there was to be freedom to change what the coalman delivered for "real coal." Apparently not.



"They all got away."

The Cow Has Corners?

"KEN you sye . . ."
 "Can you say?"
 "Yez, yez, I sink so. Ken you sye, pleez, 'Dze cow has corners'?"
 My little class in their tight-fitting purple suits face me anxiously. As a Displaced Teacher or Government Part-Time Instructor in Languages, English (Cat. III), to European Voluntary Workers, I realize that upon the correctness of my reply to this leading

question depends a certain amount of national prestige.

This morning we have been revising, and national prestige has been in short supply. There has been, for instance, that trouble with the Irregular Verbs which Jakob started when, suddenly inspired after weeks of silence, he produced, glibly:

"Think—thank—thunk."

His example inspired several others,

right at the back of the Nissen hut, who had been similarly tongue-tied. The madness spread rapidly.

"Feed—foot—feet."

"Choose—cheese—cheesed."

Their cheerful confidence was quite unnerving, and as Kazimierz lumbered to his feet I felt more than usually like Mr. Parkhill confronted with Hyman Kaplan.

"Ken you told me, pleez, how is different, *Love* and *Smell*?"

Between Kazimierz and me there is a special bond dating from that day when, in a wild confusion of Personal Pronouns, he delivered the message "Ludwig say very sorry no here: gone to London wiz yourr wife."

Faced with this exercise in Comparison I find it necessary to play for time. I throw my piece of chalk nonchalantly into the air and miss it. It rolls a short way down the centre aisle. Feliks retrieves it and presents it with a formal bow that would not be out of place at Palast Bookenam.

"The difference between—not 'how is different'—"

"Yes, yes, yes, I sink so."

"... Love and smell? Eh?"

"Yes, yes."

"Oh, well. Er—look . . ." I fall back feebly on examples. "I could say, for instance, I *love* the flowers because they *smell* so nice."

"Not, I love at dzeese flowerrrs?"

"No, no! Love takes the Direct Object. I love the girl. She loves me." I warm to my subject. "I love her. We love you. They love it. Love me. Love my dog."

"Owokay! Thanks!"

But I can see from the look in his eyes that Kazimierz is not satisfied.

"Right. Any other questions?"

He is on his feet again.

"Ken I sye, dzen, I smell at you?"

I am horribly embarrassed.

"I don't think . . ."

Kazimierz bares his teeth in a frightening grimace.

He points to them.

"See!" he says, "I love at you. I smell at you . . . Hwot is different, pleez?"

So, at last, I am able to tell him the difference between laugh and smile.

Any satisfaction that I may have at this solution is quickly shattered by Adam. Adam is the owner of a curiously old-fashioned dictionary and can be relied upon to produce the sort of words that are extant only in *The Times* Crossword Puzzles—words such as spondulicks or fuzee-vesta, phrases such as "Deuce take it!"

"Bug!" says Adam sombrely.

I am prepared to play.

"Bug!" I reply encouragingly, and

I draw one, as I think rather skilfully, on the blackboard. I give it a fine pair of antennae, six legs and a rather fierce expression. I am delighted to see Adam's face light up with recognition.

"Yais! Is orl correct. Bug! Hand-bug! Same, I suppose, reticule?"

I hastily rub out my graffito.

"Reticule is old-fashioned," I say coldly.

By now Adam is used to this complaint.

"Old-feshiont, eh, what?" he crosses it out of his notebook resignedly. Then his eyes sparkle triumphantly behind their thick pebble glasses. "But not old-feshiont, I sink, to say in poobleek barr 'Here izz mud in yourr eye!' New fangled, I am sinking."

At this daring example of idiomatic usage pandemonium breaks out. Everyone is on his feet in emulation.

"In poobleek barr how much muz I teeping white-woman?"

"See! I am staying on foot-fingers."

"How you call dzis dog sitting oll day looking at ships?"

"A beard dog!"

"In meatmongers I am seeing hanged many ducks and duchesses."

"Quiet, please, gentlemen. One at a time, please."

"Yais! We now! Imperative Moot! So also 'Shurrup, Siddown, Narrkit!'"

A sudden silence falls across the hut.

"Now, then," I say. "Who was first? You, Zygmunt?"

"Senks! Ken you sye . . ."

"Can you say,"

"Yez, yez, I sink so. Ken you sye, pleez, 'Dze cow has corners?'"

This is it! I have a sudden vision of the angular backsides that get driven daily up and down our lane at milking-time. "Well . . ." I begin. But then I pause. After all, this is a matter of national prestige. Perhaps if I tell them the whole truth my Governmental colleagues the Ministers of Food and of Agriculture and Fisheries will be displeased. Besides, one has got to think of the effect on world opinion. On the United States. On the Argentine. Already I can read the sneers in *Pravda* about our capitalist blood-stock. So perhaps someone will tell me—Ken I sye dze cow has corners?

To a Certain Famous Actor

THE Zeus of actors you are named
And all the critics cheer you;
But though their monarch thus
proclaimed,
The gods can never hear you.

Π-Dog Squared

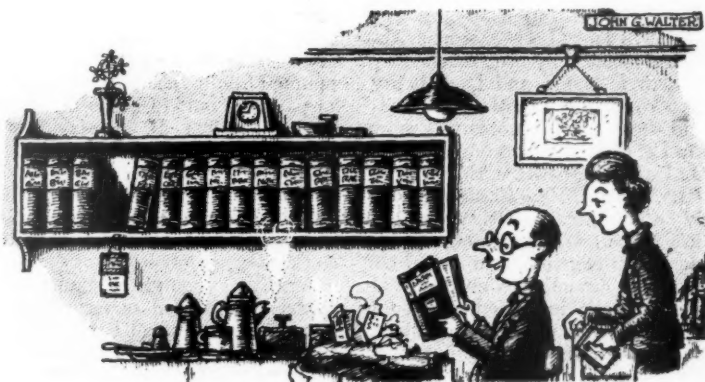
WHEN I attempted to explain to a squarish, blunty stranger between Esher and Clapham Junction the investigations I am about to try to explain to you, he demanded whether the ratio between the distances covered by a dog and his master out for the same walk could conceivably be of interest to anyone. Of course I told him stiffly that to us workers in the realm of pure thought facts were truth and truth was all. But you know as well as I do my calculations fall into that precious category of perfectly useless knowledge than which for most of us nothing could possibly be more fascinating. Any of you who has had a night's sleep ruined by a sudden urgent curiosity about the size of the haystack that might have been composed of all the tobacco he had ever smoked will know how fiercely I was consumed the moment I began wondering about my dog's mileage in relation to my own.

Now what was obviously wanted was a dog's version of those gadgets like a small barometer which, strapped to your garter, tot up the distance in a fairly disinterested manner provided you stamp hard enough on the ground as you go along. I happen to know about them because I once borrowed one to settle a bet that I could walk six miles in an hour, and at the end of sixty terrible minutes I discovered the thing had come off at the start. Inquiry showed, however, that manufacturers were still fighting shy of the technical obstacles raised by the wide divergence in the length of dogs' legs. I suppose if I had been a rich sort of scientist, with a Government or two behind me, I might have plotted my

dog by radar or planted a lot of patient men with theodolites and ready reckoners in triangles along our morning walk. As it was it occurred to me that the first step for the private scientist of moderate means was to establish the cruising speed of the dog.

I therefore got out my car, and having put on my urban hat, said a large good-bye to my dependants and forbidden my dog on pain of bath to follow me, I drove off rapidly towards the station. My speedometer cannot be described as accurate, for owing to a mysterious lesion in the dashboard-wiring all the instruments work as a team, but they have done this for so long now that when the speedometer says FORTY-FIVE and the petrol-gauge points to EMPTY and the clock swings viciously to TEN PAST THREE then I know without thinking that what I am piling up is an honest twenty-four. This in fact proved to be the top speed of my dog, in full boost over a quarter of a mile, at the end of which a milk-cart skilfully deployed across a corner probably saved him from apoplexy.

For purposes of comparison I expect his specifications will be of interest. While I do not wish to sully scientific abstraction with sentiment I am bound to say he is an animal with whom any broad-minded dog-lover would be glad to share his last crumb. He is a bachshund of about two and a half hands. According to how you look at him, and there are those who prefer not to, he is either a low-gear Border or a Dachshund with a road-clearance designed for the export market. He lives solely for pursuing very small birds fruitlessly across country, but I would not claim



"Just what I wanted, dear: 'CLA to DRI'!"



"I'm sorry, sir, the Sibelius is off."

him to be in the coursing class. On the other hand his mechanism is new and extremely reliable, and on the analogy of the motor-car it seemed reasonable to put his cruising speed at two-thirds of his top. This gave me the figure of sixteen. My own? Allowing for leaning over gates, relighting damp pipes, distributing snuff to gipsies and throwing stones into puddles, I am still good, I am glad to say, for as much as three miles in the hour.

Well, 16:3 looked all right as arithmetic, but it had only been reached by rule-of-paw methods, and I felt it my duty to carry out practical observations in the field. My notes will show the kind of difficulty I ran up against:

"On leaving home B. sprints madly up lane, meets Mr. Barfle, spends nearly a minute investigating Mr. Barfle's boots. Mr. Barfle signals his willingness to engage me in one of his interminable monologues on decay of organic methods in agriculture, so I swing to the right round Bolster's Mere. B. shoots ahead, giving his imitation of vacuum-cleaner on scent of some small creature of the wild. Jeer from squirrel in tree pulls him up skidding, and he now attempts to climb tree. Tree

winning, he spots swans on farther bank and goes round lake like rocket. Exchanges normal insults with swans until I arrive. Very hard to average all this out, even for trained observer. In Gadman's Wood he cruises steadily enough except for brief spurt after imaginary rabbit, which I calculate is about cancelled out by ten seconds' concussion when he takes fence head-on. He then disappears. When I come out on Widgeon's Common he is giving battle to tethered goat. That is, he is threatening battle loudly. Goat has summed him up accurately and simply keeps workmanlike horns on business level. Inform B. he is dropping seriously below 16:3 ratio, and urge him in name of science to keep moving. At this he goes off furiously after squadron of chiffs or chaffs crossing Common, and is soon lost in bracken. Returns after lunch."

And there the matter stands. If any reader has carried experiments to a more advanced stage I should hear of them very gratefully. In the meantime I am waiting for a fall of snow, when a stop-watch and a tape-measure should settle the problem for good.

ERIC.

A Cautionary Tale

WHEN James turned round the bathroom taps (Though far too old for such a lapse)

We had a Christmas Fête, for which Came Uncle William, who was rich; And he of course had not been told The COLD ran hot, the HOT ran cold.

Says Uncle William as he shaves: "How charmingly the child behaves: I'll change my will to-day, I swear, And make dear James my only heir." And then with guileless heart aglow He plunges in the icy flow.

* * * * *
In vain the great physicians flock; On Boxing Day he died of shock, His wealth inherited by dozens Of ugly inconspicuous cousins.

F. C. C.

○ ○
"NOTICE.

"We, the undersigned, will not be collecting cows or garbage after September 31, 1948."—Advt. in "The Dominion," N.Z.

Noted, thanks.

The Radio Dramatist

IX

WHEN I first considered the possibility of attempting a work suitable for presentation in the Children's Hour I must admit that I was by no means well-equipped for the task, since of children I knew little or nothing. Isolated contacts with the young, however, had made me pretty sure that violence and bloodshed would be keenly relished, and it was not long before I was hard at work on a shortened version of *Macbeth*. It seemed to me that this stirring play, with its many murders, its battles and its colourful array of witches, thanes and assassins, to say nothing of its ghost and other apparitions, including a crowned child with a tree in its hand, would be the very thing to make the nursery welkin ring with applause. Its only fault lay in its length. The probability was that the whole welter of homicide would have to be sandwiched between a quiz and an infant choir, and I realized that to compress it into a half-hour or so would be no mean feat.

(In passing I should like to say that although in a radio dramatist confidence is a great thing, caution is not to be despised. I lost a good deal of time on this play by making Duncan my narrator. "It was near Forres," I wrote, "that Malcolm, Donalbain and I met a bleeding soldier"—and I continued for some considerable time before I realized that I should have chosen somebody else.)

I soon found that as well as shortening the work I should have to modernize it. I had read no more than a few lines before I found a sergeant describing the state of a battle as "Doubtful it stood, as two spent swimmers, that do cling together and choke their art." I could hardly feel that the modern child would accept this from anyone below the rank of captain, and I wrote in the margin of my *Macbeth*—"Malcolm. How goes the battle? Soldier. Very even, very even." The witches, I decided, should "swing" their chorus. I am not sure whether I have this expression right, but I mean that they should sing as if clustered before a microphone, jerking up and down. I indicated the emphasis as well as I could, and tried to give the words something of a negroid character, thus:

First Witch. ROUN'!
About dat cawuldron go!
IN!
Dose poisoned ehentrails
throw!

All. DOUBLE!
Double TOIL—and
trouble!
FYAH!
Burn and CAUL—dron
bubble!
Macbeth. Ska-a-a-aaaaaar! Ti-
skiddly-widdly-o-way!

As an example of the economy of my method I submit my version of the banquet scene. Lennox takes the part of narrator here. (I had hit on the idea of giving this task to any character who might be present when something of the kind was necessary.)

Lennox. Well, Macbeth told us to sit down. He said he would sit, as he put it, "in the middle," and then he began to act strangely—(*Lennox's voice fades out.*)

Macbeth. Will you kindly get out of my chair?

Lady Macbeth. Take no notice.

Macbeth. For the last time, will you—

Lady Macbeth. Well, it's been an extraordinarily pleasant evening. (*The clatter of feet is heard, followed by Lennox's voice, faintly.*)

Lennox. Someone had made off with my helmet, leaving in its place one which I found was very much too small. As I was trying with some difficulty to adjust this—

Macbeth. That was Banquo's ghost! I must have a word with the witches!

Lady Macbeth. Do that.

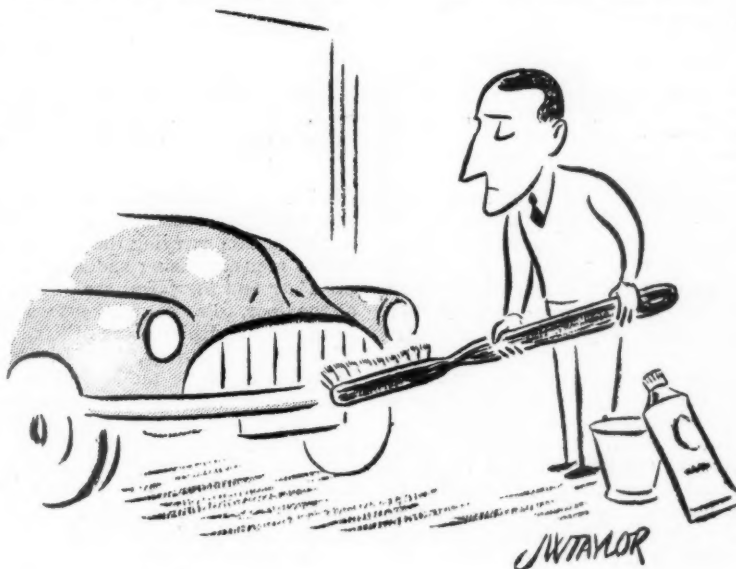
It will be realized that no mention is made of Macbeth's colloquy with the

First Murderer. The necessity for this was avoided by a device which seemed to me particularly neat and effective. Whenever anyone was murdered I arranged that the character's name should be announced in a loud and dramatic voice, followed immediately by an ear-piercing yell, thus—"Duncan!! Wa-ah-ah-ah!" "Banquo!! Wa-ah-ah-ah!" and so on. As an example of that thoroughness to which my work owes what small merit it may possess, I might add that I inserted a note to the effect that if the Governors could trace the man who used to shout "The march—of time!" before the film of that name, they should employ him to announce the murders, as I considered his voice peculiarly suited to the purpose. The ear-piercing yell could no doubt be entrusted to one of the announcers.

I should certainly have sent the piece to the B.B.C. had I been more sure of the tastes of my audience. However, I was tormented by doubts as to whether I should have attempted to introduce a detective, or perhaps a space-ship, and eventually I put my work aside until such time as I should have accumulated more data.

A Fact of Life

THIS happens to me again and again—
When standing in a crowded train
feeling defeated,
The other people standing too
Are the ones that get out before I do—
but never the seated.



IT is quite clear that Charles Lamb would not have approved of Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER's production of *The School for Scandal* with the Old Vic Company at the New. This doesn't prove Sir LAURENCE wrong, for Lamb had rather perverse ideas about the play, holding that *Joseph Surface* was its hero, that he should be made a sympathetic character, and that the real canting person of the piece was his brother *Charles*; but it is interesting to note that in Sir LAURENCE's *Teazle* we do get exactly that deeper note of genuine hurt which Lamb felt would unhinge the play. He wanted it kept artificial, and he feared the temptation it offered to be serious.

"To balance one disagreeable reality with another," he wrote, referring to the conception of a villainous *Joseph*, "Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings [while King acted it] were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage—he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury—a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged—the genuine criminal, antagonist of the villainous seducer *Joseph*. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life—must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbour or old friend." Sir LAURENCE plays *Teazle* brilliantly and by his marvellous timing of a master's lines draws many laughs, but it remains a subdued picture of a sad and slightly crabbed old man, and when we come to the screen scene, comedy is put aside for pathos on the edge of tragedy. *Lady Teazle*'s discovery is a classic fount of fun, but there is no fun in it here; only an intimate revelation of domestic shame almost too terrible to be borne. Beautifully dressed, as if for a Zoffany portrait, she stands utterly humiliated, her head slowly sinking in anguish, while *Sir Peter*, too broken to speak, clutches at the back of a chair. For

At the Play

The School for Scandal (NEW)—*Richard III* (NEW)—*Breach of Marriage* (DUKE OF YORK'S)—*Mandragola* (MERCURY)

what seems a long time there is silence, until *Charles Surface* breaks up the tableau with his brittle nonsense. It is a poignant and dramatic moment, artistically hard to defend, for surely it is out of key with Sheridan; but theatrically it comes over with great force.

This is most certainly a production to see, overflowing with such graceful

accounts of the *Teazles'* afflictions. And music, from a live orchestra, is well and sparingly employed.

Such a production makes heavy demands in style, but the cast is fully up to them. Miss VIVIAN LEIGH is an exquisite *Lady Teazle*, delicately bridging the artificial and the sentimental. Mr. GEORGE RELPH plays *Sir Oliver* with a gale of bonhomous gusto, and Miss EILEEN BELDON's *Mrs. Candour*, fairly crackling with malice, Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE's purring *Lady Sneerwell*, Mr. PETER CUSHING's callous *Joseph* and Mr. TERENCE MORGAN's winning young scamp of a *Charles* are all vivid caricatures. One small, upturned point—*Sir Benjamin's* plastic nose. By itself I feel this is a false note. Either you want a lot of plastic noses—if you do—or it seems better to rely on the infinite caprice of nature.

Mr. JOHN BURRELL's Old Vic production of *Richard III*, which came on during the war, is also included in the current repertory at the New. Here Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER is anything but subdued. His *Richard* is a lively devil, cloaking his black ambition behind a barrage of taunting levity, dragging his crippled leg feverishly about the stage. This reminder that *Richard* is a man of action cruelly handicapped is effective, but to me it seemed a pity—I was seeing the production for the first time—to add to such major deformities a false nose of

horrible proportions. It is a far graver nose than the other I mentioned, because, combined with long dank hair of the kind Miss Hermione Ginkgold might assume for a mediæval tantrum, it makes him so downright repellent that the melting of *Lady Anne*, always fairly incredible, becomes nonsense; and though the fires of intellect burn through everything Sir LAURENCE does and says, this nose turns him into so grotesquely sinister a creature that he loses the little but vital sympathy which we can spare for a villain twisted and haunted into his villainy. Nevertheless it is an extremely clever and interesting performance,



(*The School for Scandal*)

THE SCREEN'S FAVOURITES

Lady Teazle Miss VIVIAN LEIGH
Sir Peter Teazle SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

felicities as the footmen touching off the footlights to music at the beginning, or the curtain carrying the face of the *Teazle* mansion rising suddenly when *Sir Peter* and *Sir Oliver* are impatient at the door, to reveal flunkies waiting in the room within to take their hats. Visually it is lovely, for Mr. CECIL BEATON has done an altogether exceptional job, giving us superb dresses and a number of extremely cunning perspective backcloths which leave the stage clear for careful and rewarding grouping. Here and there, lightly used, is a charming touch of ballet, at its best in the scene where the gossips gather to exchange outrageous

beautifully spoken, a lacerating essay steeped in the bitterness of frustration. I thought the production as a whole was workmanlike but without special distinction, and inclined towards the end to be worryingly noisy. Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN's dresses blend well with Mr. MORRIS KESTELMAN's battle-mented curtains of old London. Miss VIVIEN LEIGH is a lovely *Lady Anne*, Miss EILEEN BELDON a memorably good *Margaret*, mouthing the great curses in her surging voice until doom seems to settle on the theatre; Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE makes a moving figure of *Elizabeth*, and Mr. GEORGE RELPH an almost likeable one of *Buckingham*; and of the younger members of the cast Mr. PETER CUSHING as *Clarence*, Mr. TERENCE MORGAN as *Hastings*, and Mr. DAN CUNNINGHAM as *Richmond* stand out.

It is not fair to complain, as we often do—and with reason—that modern dramatists are wedded to trivialities if we are not prepared to consider a serious theme, just because we don't like the sound of it; and the theme of *Breach of Marriage* at the Duke of York's is serious enough to have been considered by an ecclesiastical commission. With remarkable tact Mr. DAN SUTHERLAND takes the case of a marriage foundering for the want of a child, the husband being paralysed as a result of the war. An eminent doctor agrees to artificial insemination provided both parents pass a test of health, but, discovering the husband to be tuberculous, he insists on an anonymous donor. Much against his will he is persuaded by the girl and her mother, an old friend, to keep this secret from the husband, already morbidly jealous. The husband, however, finds out, not only the deception but also the name of the donor, which he forces on his wife in a terrible scene of recrimination. He then goes off and kills himself. This, put very briefly, is the gist of a credible story which is good theatre and yet provides for just and balanced discussion from various angles: the human, through the girl's pleading mother, the scientific, through the specialist, the legal, through the girl's furious father, and the Christian, through the vicar. The piece is forcefully and very naturally acted. Mr. EDWARD CHAPMAN takes the peppery, kindly specialist with great discretion and sincerity, a performance of real distinction; Miss HELEN SHINGLER and Mr. PETER MADREN play the nerve-jangled, drifting couple with admirable judgment; Miss CATHEEN NESBITT and Mr. CECIL RAMAGE skilfully sketch in the girl's parents, Mr. CHRISTOPHER QUEST

makes a spirited young doctor and Mr. BECKETT BOULD a vicar who is convincingly of the vicarage and not the stage.

To discover that any great statesman found time to cultivate a private sense of irony is always agreeable, and that Machiavelli should have turned aside from his dark designs to write a scandalous comedy is doubly refreshing. *Mandragola*, now nearly 450 years old, so pleased Giovanni de Medici, Leo X, that he had a special theatre built for its performance. The little Mercury probably suits it just as well, for it is an intimate piece allowing a worldly wit to play on a simple tale of marital deception. It is good, if not clean, fun, having a later ring than one would expect, and Mr. ASHLEY DUKES has made an amusing adaptation, to which the Mercury's own company does justice. Mr. HUGH GRIFFITH, whose native Welshry equips him to play delightful tricks with his voice, is a capably comic dotard, Miss PATRICIA HILLIARD and Mr. MICHAEL GOODLIFFE give the lovers an ardour from somewhat south of Notting Hill, Mr. WILLIAM FOX represents villainy and makes us like it, Mr. GEOFFREY DUNN is extremely entertaining as a friar with his price, and Mr. DUDLEY JONES sings Mr. DUKES's nice lyrics charmingly to a harpsichord.

ERIC.

At the Opera

The Marriage of Figaro (COVENT GARDEN)

IT is a curious fact that in an opera production the whole amounts sometimes to less than the sum of its parts. This is the case with *The Marriage of Figaro*, which has just taken its place in the repertoire at Covent Garden. The cast is very talented, and yet the opera does not come to life.

The whole plot of *Figaro* revolves about the sparkling *Susanna* and her resolve to outwit the amorous schemes of the *Count* and marry *Figaro*; and ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF, who sings this rôle, is a true Mozartean, as charming to see as she is to hear. Yet even she failed to impart any liveliness to the rest of the cast. The jewel-like characters, wrought by Mozart and Da Ponte with such exquisite art, did not sparkle. Of the true Mozart we caught only fugitive glimpses—in *Susanna* trying on her bridal veil and in *Barbarina*'s enchanting aria "L'ho perduta" as she searches in the garden

for the lost pin. ADELE LEIGH was quite perfect in this.

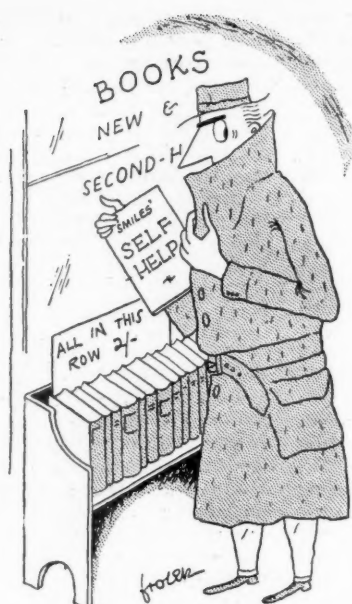
GERAINT EVANS, a gifted newcomer to opera, has the makings of a *Figaro*. He has the voice; but he is almost unbearably constrained, and this does not befit the impertinent valet *Figaro*, once the barber and general busybody of Seville. The *Count*, HANS BRAUN, was obviously hampered by having to sing in English. The *Countess*, whose husband loves her no more, is all the more deeply and movingly human by contrast with the artificialities that surround her; and the absurd intrigue of disguises and assignments to which she resorts in the attempt to win her husband back is of the keenest pathos. SYLVIA FISHER gave the impression of being aware of the hidden depths of her rôle without having had time to fathom them, though she received an outburst of applause (well-deserved, though irritating) for her singing of the beautiful aria "Dove sono i bei momenti."

The greatest disappointment of all was EUGENIA ZARESKA's *Cherubino*. This rôle is very difficult—an amorous boy, precocious product of the artificialities of aristocratic life in eighteenth-century Vienna, where the elegant arts of idleness occupy the time and silken dalliance is the main diversion. That Madame ZARESKA can sing Mozart we know from her brilliant performance in *Così fan Tutte* in Edinburgh last year; but her *Cherubino* is not at all convincing.

The blurred characterization of this production is due to lack of style on the part of the producer. The costumes and settings by ROLF GÉRARD are agreeable and unobtrusive. The orchestra under KARL RANKL played much better than for some time past.

D. C. B.





Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Burma Road

MR. H. E. BATES might very well have been a painter. His sensitivity both to colour and its vibrations and to form and its plasticity is extraordinarily acute. And, through the words which he has preferred above pigment for his medium, he communicates it with an extraordinary potency. In *The Jacaranda Tree* (JOSEPH, 9/6) he assaults not only our sense of sight but all the others. It is the story, very simple in structure, though complex enough in the emotional problems involved, of the flight, before the Japanese menace, of a handful of English men and women, a Eurasian girl and a couple of Burmese children, out of Burma to the safety of India. It is a story, therefore, of the toil and perils of the road, of an arduous trek through dust and heat, through a vivid and changing landscape and a pulsating stream of anonymous humanity. The sensual atmosphere is sometimes quite terrific in its intensity, and there are moments, when, for instance, vultures are of the party, that will give little comfort to the squeamish. But, after all, it is also and mainly a story of definite persons, their private fears and desires, their jealousies and prejudices and exasperations. Some of them are memorable: the feckless and ridiculous Mrs. Betteson, who comes so magnificently up to scratch; the Eurasian girl; and the Burmese brother and sister—Tuesday, with his intelligence and bewilderment and loyalty, and Nadia who, with barely a speaking part, is in a manner the leading lady of the drama.

F. B.

A Great Autobiography

Inishfallen, Fare Thee Well (MACMILLAN, 16/-), the fourth instalment of Mr. SEAN O'CASEY's autobiography, is even more interesting, more fascinating, than its predecessors. There is much that one could criticize in the

book. Above all, it is too diffuse, and would be much easier to read if three adjectives in every four were deleted. But it is a real living book, the sincere and spontaneous expression of a highly gifted nature struggling against the grimmest obstacles. In the early part of this volume Mr. O'CASEY describes the death of his mother in a Dublin tenement against the background of the raids and killings of the Black and Tans. After the Black and Tans comes the civil war between the supporters and opponents of the treaty with England, all of which is brilliantly and poignantly described. Then the author turns to his own troubles, as a dramatist trying to enter "the temple of drama, the Abbey Theatre." He got in at last, but though he writes with both respect and affection of Lady Gregory and almost with veneration of Yeats, he was disillusioned by the Abbey Theatre on a closer acquaintance, and, this disillusionment being part of a larger disillusionment with Ireland as a whole, in its political and religious aspects as well as its literary, he resolved to go to London where, he hoped, the booming of Big Ben would "deafen his new-listening ear to any echo from the bells of Shandon." English readers will await with some trepidation the next volume.

H. K.

Up at the Manor

South of Amesbury, on the Salisbury Avon, lies Little Durnford, one of those delightful small villages which set Wiltshire next to the Cotswold in the affection of connoisseurs. In another of them, Broad Chalke, Maurice Hewlett made cob walls in the local manner for his fruit trees, before assuming almost a peasant's poverty for love of the Wiltshire peasant. Mrs. DOROTHY DEVENISH got as far as thatching a rick, which was creditable to "a perfect little lady" consistently discouraged from taking an interest in the home farm. Nothing, however, could have inhibited the perceptive little girl of the past; or cramped the retrospective tenderness and humour of the present-day chronicler of *A Wiltshire Home* (BATSFORD, 12/6). Before 1914 Little Durnford Manor seems to have functioned to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. But, wars apart, the seeds of decay were already sown. The shooting syndicate paid and the farm didn't. The Red schoolmistress frowned with impartial ferocity on traditional May Days and curtsying children. Still, the Manor, as the author rightly insists, was Hollywood-on-the-doorstep as far as the village was concerned. English character and "characters" emerge in every chapter and many delightful photographs; but the book's most encouraging pages are a well-deserved tribute to the New Poor in whom that character persists.

H. P. E.

A Flame in the North

Out of Strindberg's unhappy childhood came an Oedipus complex which made him worship women and hate them at the same time. Writing to a friend he begged him to believe that his so-called misogyny was "only the reverse side of my fearful attraction towards the other sex." The devil and the angel in him were permanently at war, and it was hardly surprising that all his three marriages should have failed, for love caused him to swing violently between tenderness and dark suspicion, and it cannot have been easy to be married to a man who held that the pain of childbirth was indistinguishable from pleasure. In *The Strange Life of August Strindberg* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 15/-) Miss ELIZABETH SPRIGGE gives a fair and revealing portrait of this tortured genius whose gentleness and burning idealism were matched by perverse hatreds, the practice of black

magic against his enemies (apparently with some success) and a theatrical morbidity that drove him to bed with an open phial of cyanide and a copy of *La Joie de Mourir*; who rarely jested but who went to all the trouble of translating Bret Harte into Swedish. Nietzsche had no better influence on him than on anyone else, confirming his own belief in his superiority. He remained a superman leaning on the magical powers of a favourite stuffed owl and travelling south because a ladybird walked in that direction over a script. Yet the testimony to his greatness lies not only in his work but in the evidence of all who came in contact with him, and Miss SPRIGGE's balanced and well-written biography comes happily at a moment when a good production of *The Father* can be seen in London.

E. O. D. K.

Marcel Boulestin

While incorporating a good deal of the autobiography which MARCEL BOULESTIN published in 1936, *Ease and Endurance* (HOME AND VAN THAL, 10/6) contains much new matter of great interest, together with a preface in which its translator, Mr. ROBIN ADAIR, gives a brief account of MARCEL BOULESTIN's last years. Though domiciled in England, where his restaurant, founded in 1925, had made him famous, BOULESTIN remained a French subject. He and Mr. ADAIR were caught in France by the German invasion; Mr. ADAIR, as an Englishman, being interned while BOULESTIN settled in Paris, and though, it seems, not in any particular want or distress, died there in September 1943. It was a melancholy end to a brilliant career marked in all its phases by great adaptability, resourcefulness and worldly wisdom, but kept warm and poetic by the deep love of his native soil which he carried with him through all the sophistications of Paris and London from his childhood in Poitiers and Périgord. The best pages in his memoirs are always those which picture his early environment, either as seen in retrospect or visited in later years—"Then we went further south . . . heather, pines and lakes. The afternoon light danced on the water, and the forest was steeped in heat . . . From time to time a fish would spring out of the water, and the pine cones cracked in the sun." That is the background of this book. In the foreground is the remarkable career which culminated in the Restaurant Boulestin.

H. K.

"Ten Thousand Gimcracks"

It is not very difficult to account for the devastating boredom evoked by the subject of *The Museum* (ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL, 25/-). The answers to a questionnaire circulated by Miss ALMA S. WITTLIN among a well-shuffled pack of old and young in the educationally propitious neighbourhood of Cambridge were on the whole unfavourable to museums; and one particularly catty allusion to the "church atmosphere" contains a wealth of implication on fossilized worship and fossilized education. Miss WITTLIN, however, is an enthusiast for what museums might be, and has an expert and intimate knowledge of European hoards as they are and were. Between their present objective—"carefully guided . . . collective emotion" and their origin as the evidence of one individual's wealth, taste or rapacity, the museum can be many things to many men. (Some of us would rather see a small one-man cache like the Jones Collection in the old South Kensington than all the interminable perspectives of flint arrowheads and snuff-boxes in the world.) But while the author has not made nearly enough of what is obviously "of the people," the Folk Museum, she has hit on several ways of making

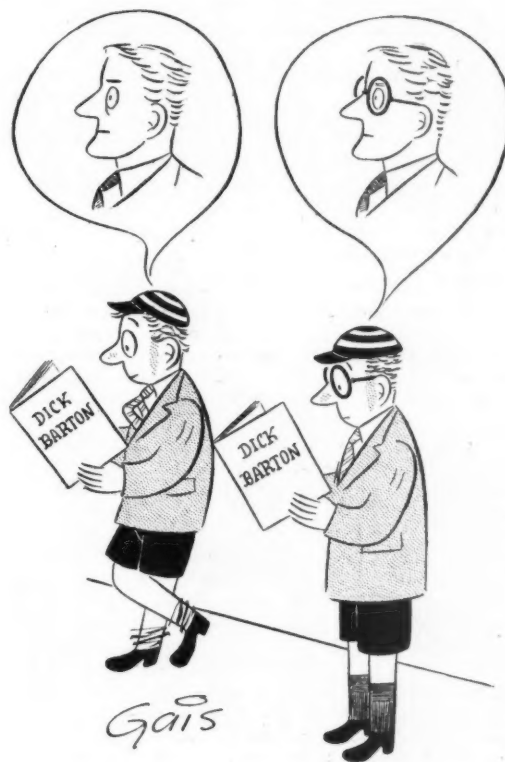
it practically inspiring. The last page of her book "The Young People's Museum"—though, fashion apart, heaven knows why it should be monopolised by the young—is the best.

H. P. E.

They Were Prepared.

The Ashanti chief who tendered his left hand to "B.P." in salutation to the bravest of the brave inspired the founder of Scouting to make that gesture one symbol of a world-wide brotherhood. *The Left Handshake*, by Mr. HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS (COLLINS, 10/6) is the official history of that movement during the late war. As the story of Jan van Hoof, the Dutch Rover Scout who cut the fuse on the bridge at Nijmegen shows, scouts of many lands lived up to their heroic handshake to the full. In every Resistance movement everywhere they took most valiant share. Disbanded and savagely hunted by Gestapo and the Kempetai, they not only kept Scouting going, they increased the number of boys in the "Underground" Scout troops during the years of the Occupation. "Scouting, in the nations beneath Germany's heel became almost a religion," writes Mr. SAUNDERS. The training boys had in what was essentially "a way of life for boys during peace" proved invaluable both in the direct military sense that Scout-trained youngsters could and did do a thousand and one useful jobs in or out of uniform, but also in the sense that the tenets it taught held morale together in the face of torture and death. As the author stresses, it is hard for us, who never suffered invasion, to accept the fact that young children, encouraged by their older brothers, formed secret Scout units and actively worked against the enemy.

R. C. S.



Reading for Profit

THERE are several ways of reading for profit and all of them involve the use of a pencil. Let us begin with serious reading—that is, reading and underlining. Here the reader's eyes traverse the print in the conventional Western manner and are closely followed by a pencil running at exactly the same speed. Care should be taken to ensure that there is adequate clearance between the page and the pencil's point, otherwise the instrument will foul the paper and slow up the whole operation. Beginners should set the pencil at about one-eighth of an inch above the paper and in the centre of the white track between two lines of type: experienced readers, however, can adjust the gauge to as little as one-sixteenth. To underline, the pencil is merely lowered to make light contact with the paper and retracted to the "normal" position at the end of the word or line.

The problem of when to underline bristles with difficulties. There should certainly be at least one major underlining in every paragraph, and by major underlining I mean of course a passage long enough to cover two or three lines of type. But wherever possible a major underlining should be supported by more casual markings, single words or short clauses. Variety can be introduced in several ways: odd words here and there may be given a double or even treble underlining, or the major underlining may be given a boost by fixing a large X in the adjacent margin. The letters "N.B." may also be used for emphasis and show.

Some students (usually those who make dust-covers for their text-books out of oddments of wall-paper) underline their reading very neatly indeed by using a ruler. The effect on the printed page is most pleasing, especially when, as is customary, it is overdone. Opposition to this idea—as well as to the one of using pencils of various colours—on the ground that it wastes time is ruled out by the fact that it is always practised during lessons or lectures.

Once a book or a chapter has been thoroughly underlined it is ready for revision. This is really a second underlining of selected passages in the previously scored text, and is therefore a fairly rapid process. The second reading should reduce the book's length by about five-sixths: the third and fourth underlinings should bring the text down to little more than a handful of statistics or a few aphorisms. I have known books so well rendered down in this way that only an essential quotation has remained. My copy of *Practical Geology for Beginners* (Hablett and Young),

which I read for School Certificate some years ago, is boiled down, I see, to three words on page 156:

X
n.b.

"sermons in stones"

More recently I have managed to underline Professor G. D. H. Cole's *Intelligent Man's Guide to the Post-War World* down to two rather snappy phrases about ground-nuts.

Light reading follows naturally upon serious reading, often in the same book. It seems that the eyes and wrist tend to tire after thirty or so pages of straight reading and underlining and seek one of the many relaxations in which the printed page abounds. An old favourite of my student days was "Channels," a method of reading in which the aim is to discover and mark the shortest vertical track between the top and the bottom of the page. The words are conceived here as obstacles to be rounded, the spaces between the lines as territory for skirmishing. A specimen paragraph will make the matter clear.

It is by a calculation of this kind that we attempt to estimate what quantity of staple food a community will need if it is to survive. A basic unit of energy has to be first adopted by which all measurements can be made. This is comparable with the use of the volt of electro-magnetism. The unit adopted for the purpose is called a calorie or, more strictly, a large calorie; and the calorie may be defined as the amount of heat needed to raise the temperature of 2.2 lb. (1 kilogram) of water by 1 degree centigrade. Once we have adopted this basic unit, we can find ways of estimating both the quantity of

Any collision with the type (as at X in the diagram) is an infringement of the rules for which the reader pays one page penalty. The reader who successfully completes most pages during a lesson or lecture is deemed the winner. It will be apparent that "Crosslining," as this variation of underlining is called, is more difficult when the type is set solid than when it is leaded. Nine-point *Times* type on eleven-point is child's-play to any experienced reader.

Another kind of light reading—one demanding only token co-ordination of hand and eye, but pleasant enough even so—is known as "Definite Articling." The reader draws a ring round every "the" he can find and writes the total at the foot of the page. "Indefinite Articling" is an obvious variation.

I have time to mention only one more method of light reading—"Hidden Meanings." Here the reader examines the text very carefully, endeavouring to find adjacent words which will combine to form new words. For example, "River Severn" would give "verse" from the "ver" of River and the "Se" of Severn, and "Carboniferous Limestone" would give "slime." The lightest reader is the one who arranges all the words derived in this way from a single page into the most intelligible sentence. My own best effort at "Hidden Meanings" ran: "Men slow germ to wrest bowl-seas." As a matter of interest it came from page 137 of Winskill's *Introductory Algebra*. Hod.





"Don't give it a second thought—I'm always doing irreparable damage in other people's houses myself."

Memoirs of a Democrat

IN my young days, when a penny would buy a pint of beer, ten cigarettes and a box of matches, a return ticket from Croydon to Staples Farm, or three pounds of herbal tobacco, the national centre of education was Marble Arch. It is hard to realize, listening to the speakers there to-day, men with scarcely a soap-box to their names, that once the cream of the nation's oratory flowed upon that speech-drenched asphalt. Bernard Shaw, George Vinceworthy Stooft, Myrtle Miasmus, and a dozen others, including your old friend Wapentake, gave tongue. It was the usual thing for the young scions of the aristocracy to begin life with an Eton or Harrow foundation, add a top crust of Cambridge or Oxford, simmer gently on a Grand Tour, and then filter back to the Park to get a dry polish.

Stooft and I had at that time evolved

a theory, called the Dagenham Proposition (after a dog we shared), that life was in a State of Flux. And we saw that the learning and tradition of the Park would be lost in this flux unless we took steps to save it. This we did by forming the Hyde Park Orators' Trade Union.

It was a great success at first, and Stooft's opening speech is still found embroidered on samplers in antique shops. "That the silver of our elevated eloquence, our vertical verbiage, may not pass from the land," he began . . . but there, you must know it by heart.

We intended to enrol speakers of only the top rank. And having assembled a choice assortment of authorities, men who could talk for hours on any or no subject, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to go one stage farther and to found a Marble Arch University, the only open-air

academy in the British Isles. It was thought that the degree of M.A. (M/A) would carry unusual weight.

From its inception the University was crowded, especially on Sundays. It is true that the musical side was weak: there seemed a lack of unity in the various small groups that huddled together and bayed the moon in American, Irish and Welsh. And many fought shy of the Science Wing because the experiments usually ended with a bench or tree catching fire or some historical statue being blown up.

It was, however, a colourful scene, the speakers in their professorial gowns, giving impassioned addresses on Ballistics, Psycho-Analysis, the Foreign Policy of Elizabeth of Hungary, the Structure of Competitive Society, and the like. When question-time came, cultured members of the audience would raise their top-hats (which were

de rigueur at all platforms but that devoted to Shorthand), and preface each query with "Sir." When the answer had been given, the accepted ritual was for the questioner to raise his hat again, bow, and say "Sir, your reply has completely satisfied me. I am now enlightened. I thank you." One convention was respected then as now—it was forbidden for a speaker to say he didn't know, he'd look it up and let them know next week, or any other escapist fal-lal.

Our most popular and courageous speaker was Lydia Flangehammer. She spoke, some thought on Histrionics, some thought on Geology. Suffice to say that her charm lay more in the manner than the matter. But to mount a fifty-rung ladder—for we aimed very high in those days—and to risk such an elevation in a ten-foot crinoline, argues no faint heart. She was of course anchored to the railings below, but people still talk of the high wind of '87 when she slipped her hawser and floated off into the

Round Pond, without once pausing in her diatribe on Histrionics or (as some said) Geology.

Our popularity roused the envy of the older universities. Then it was that rude mobs of undergraduates would come from C— and O— and attempt to throw the speakers from their platforms. It was an easy thing, when the leading undergraduate reached the forty-sixth rung, to tread firmly on his hands, or to rap him sharply, anywhere, with the professorial baton provided for that purpose. For several years members of the older universities could be picked out by their scarred hands and missing digits.

Examinations were trying times. The students would sit, properly spaced, on the grass. In case of rain, ground-sheets, umbrellas and waterproof ink were provided. There is an account in an old *Blackwood's* of the Finals held in May 1873, when it snowed, and the candidates were dug out three days later, and *P-n-h* produced that witty cartoon entitled

"Snow Joke." The invigilators had to be lynx-eyed, especially in summer, as it was a common thing for the unscrupulous to have accomplices hidden in the foliage of distant copses, signalling useful data with a mirror. A student once told me that he considered the Midsummer Examinations there to be the most gruelling of their kind: there were so many things to distract the mind. To write an adequate account of the Peloponnesian War with a couple of dogs sniffing round you and three young boys using you as a base in rounders—well, it was a severe test, as it was meant to be.

That is why you so seldom meet a B.A. (M/A) or D.Ph. (M/A) to-day. Most of them, of course, went abroad to recover, to escape it all, or for the good of the Old Country.

Those were certainly the days. For a penny you could buy four ounces of aniseed balls, two daily papers, three cream cakes, or sixteen yards of very good elastic. What more could a man want?



"Oob—look at that knitted dog!"

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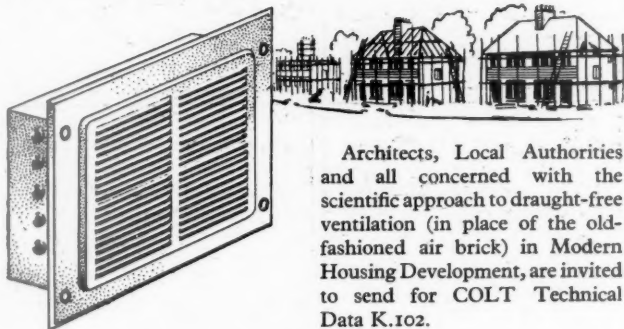
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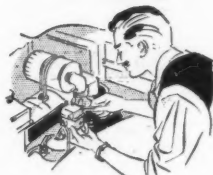
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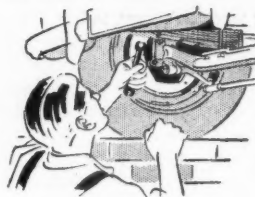
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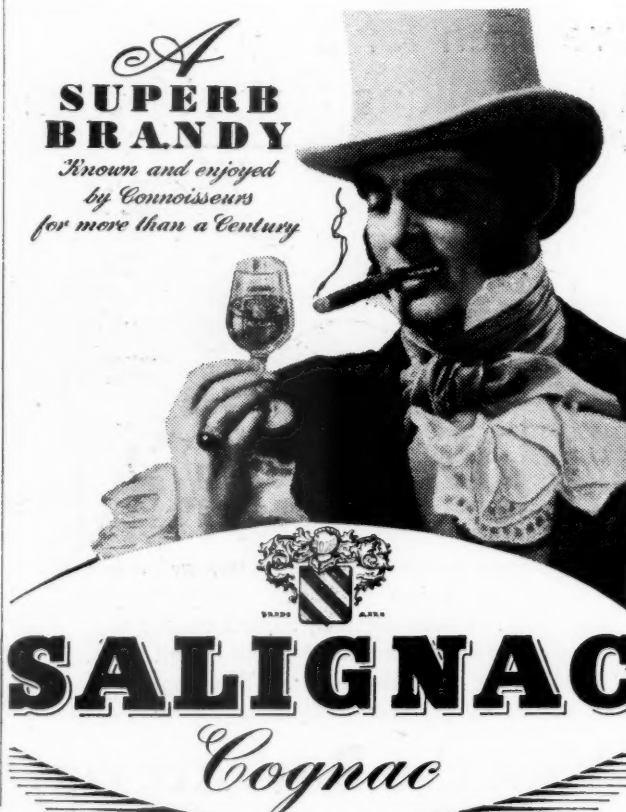
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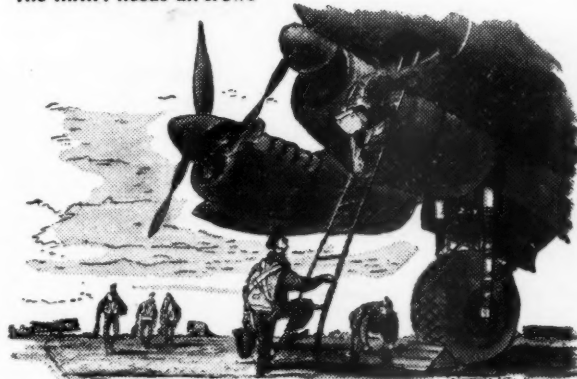
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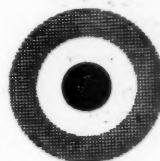
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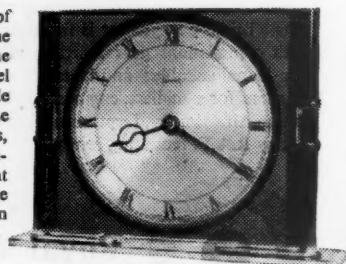
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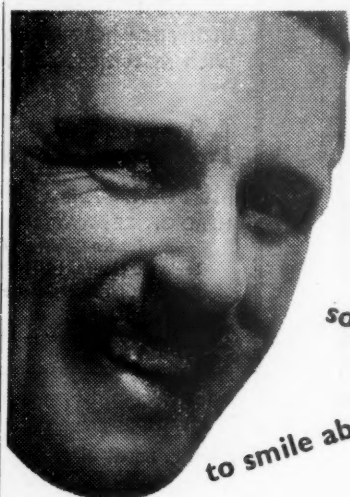
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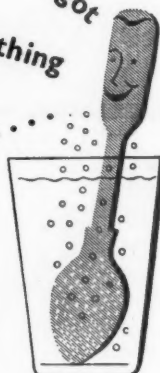
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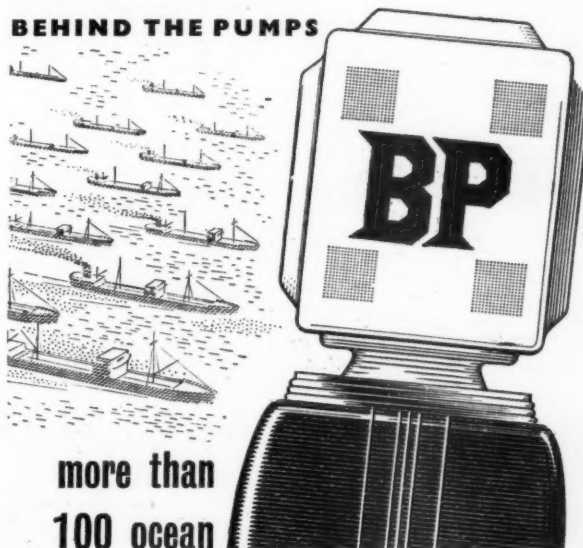
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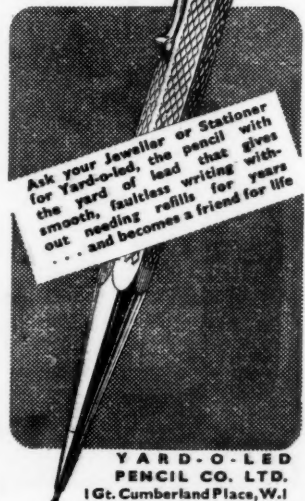
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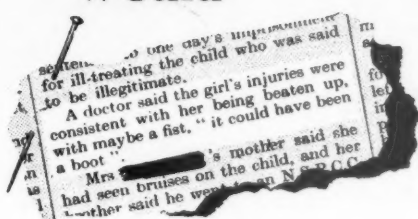
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But...

Let's face it. If we want these things, we've got to work for them. That takes energy, and already we're working pretty hard.

Can we get *extra* energy from somewhere? The answer is yes. You see, our energy is controlled by food and sleep.



"What are you after?
DEEP sleep?"

Food is rationed, sleep isn't.

But do we *need* more sleep? Deep sleep is much more important than long sleep.

Only after a night of deep, sound sleep is our energy restored. You prove this for yourself every time you wake up tired after 7, 8 or even 9 hours' sleep.

It is for this reason that Horlicks is so strongly recommended at bedtime. Horlicks soothes the tired body, helps it to relax in deep, sound sleep. In the morning, you wake up with energy renewed.

Work? You're ready for anything!

HORLICKS

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

It's a grand-looking suite. Roomy, shapely and attractive. But what about the filling? You can't see that! Look for the Curled Hair tag—it is your guarantee that *inside* it is upholstered with the most durable and hygienic filling.

UPHOLSTERED
**CURLED
HAIR**

Insist on 'Curled Hair' for comfort & economy

CVS-23



HAULING IN THE PILCHARD CATCH

Sandwiches are no problem when you have a pot of Shippam's Pilchard & Tomato Paste in the larder. This blend of Cornish Pilchards and tomatoes is a sandwich filling the family will ask for again, and it helps in a small way to keep down Britain's imports. Have you tried it yet?



Shippam's

PILCHARD AND TOMATO PASTE



C. SHIPPAM LTD., CHICHESTER

Your
Family
needs -



'KEPLER'
TRADE MARK
COD LIVER OIL WITH MALT EXTRACT

With Spring on the way why not put spring in your family's footsteps by starting them off with 'KEPLER'? They'll love its smooth, sweet, malty flavour and you'll be surprised how soon it becomes a daily habit. Everyone needs the extra energy, the extra vitamins A and D that 'KEPLER' provides; everyone needs this supplement to the weekly fat ration. Your Chemist has 'KEPLER'—and recommends it. In two sizes—3/3 and 5/9.

MORE GOODNESS TO THE SPOONFUL



A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT

North
Country
Quality



We, Hindhaughs from the North of England, pride ourselves on our Self-raising Flour: if we should seem vain, we urge as our extenuation the many pleasing letters we receive about it.

In the year 1796, John Hindhaugh started work in the old Gallowgate Mill which was soon to become his own. To maintain the honest standard of those days we constantly strive . . . which is one of the reasons why we believe our Self-raising Flour is amongst the best you can buy to-day.

HINDHAUGHS
Self raising FLOUR

NOW AVAILABLE IN THE SOUTH

In the manner of most good things, its Fame has travelled. Prideful Home-bakers in the South Country may now obtain supplies in 1, 3 & 6lb. bags from HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Issued by Hindhaughs Ltd., 38, Cloth Market, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1

PARKINSON

GAS COOKERS

for
preference

incorporating

UNIQUE TAP DESIGN

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FLASH IGNITION

and the

EXCLUSIVE

DROP DOOR

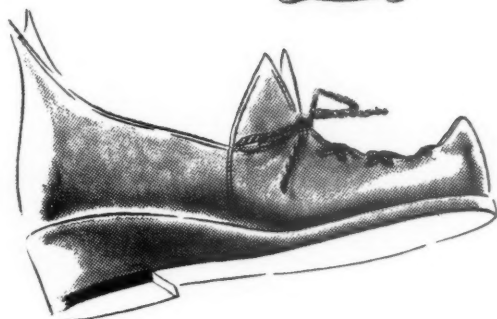
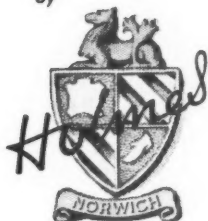


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local Gas Showrooms.

THE PARKINSON STOVE CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM 9

"Kumfrees"

by



Designers and makers of
fine shoes for ladies

N 1085



SPLIT PERSONALITY?

You need to smoke—yet need to save? You want a full pouch—but not an empty pocket? Smoke Four Square. Four Square gives you more satisfaction from every pipe—and that means fewer pipes per day. It's a clean smoke, too—every pipeful burns cool and sweet to the last shred, leaving no wasteful dottle! Six blends—foil-wrapped for freshness.

Original Blends 4/5½ oz.

Matured Virginia (Red) Original Mixture (Blue)

Empire-de-luxe Blends 4/1½ oz.

Cut Cake (Yellow) Empire Mixture (Green)

Ripe Brown (Brown) Curlies (Purple)

FOUR SQUARE

BY DOBIE'S OF PAISLEY

The best dressed label in town

This is the label that wears nothing but the best—the label worth looking for when choosing your new fur coat in Beaver Lamb, Embros and other finishes in Sheared Lamb. It stands for long wear just as much as for beauty and fine craftsmanship.



Tescan Ltd., Worcester House, Vintners' Place, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4. Telegrams: Tescan, Stock, London. Telephone: Central 7058.



Going by air?
These incomparable
Phantomweight Suit
Cases have been
specially designed for
modern travel. Spacious,
beautifully made,
obtainable in either leather
or canvas, they are
the very latest in smart
air luggage.



There's a lasting liking for Weston's Oval Arrowroot



Sweetish but not too sweet—plainish but not too plain. A biscuit for anyone of any age at any time, because it has the kind of goodness which all can appreciate, and because it is easy to digest. Supplies are still limited, unfortunately.

Weston's
BISCUITS



"The Tin... Parachuted with me into a paddy field in northern Malaya

That was in 1945. . . . Opened in Cornwall, September 8/48. "Needless to say, the Tobacco was in perfect condition." But here is the full story of still another Barneys Adventure, from a Major now demobbed:

Messrs. John Sinclair Ltd.

Sept. 9/48

Dear Sirs,


Last night, I opened a 4oz. tin of Barneys Tobacco. I am unable to recollect the exact date upon which I bought this tin, but it was certainly purchased from the NAAFI in Ceylon before May 1945. The tin accompanied me on the flight from Ceylon to Malaya and parachuted with me into a paddy field in northern Malaya. I lost my pipe in Siam, but the tin remained in my possession and returned with me to India in December 1945, thence to England in December 1947. . . . On unpacking certain boxes, the tin was discovered only this week. Needless to say, the tobacco is in perfect condition.

Appreciating your name and the quality of your tobaccos, I am, nevertheless, amazed at the manner in which this tobacco has withstood the most gruelling of tests. I am,

Yours truly,

The original letter may be inspected at the
Barneys Bureau, 24 Holborn, London, E.C.1.

TRIBUTE TO
Barneys

Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full).
(305) Each 4/3½d. the oz. 

John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne.